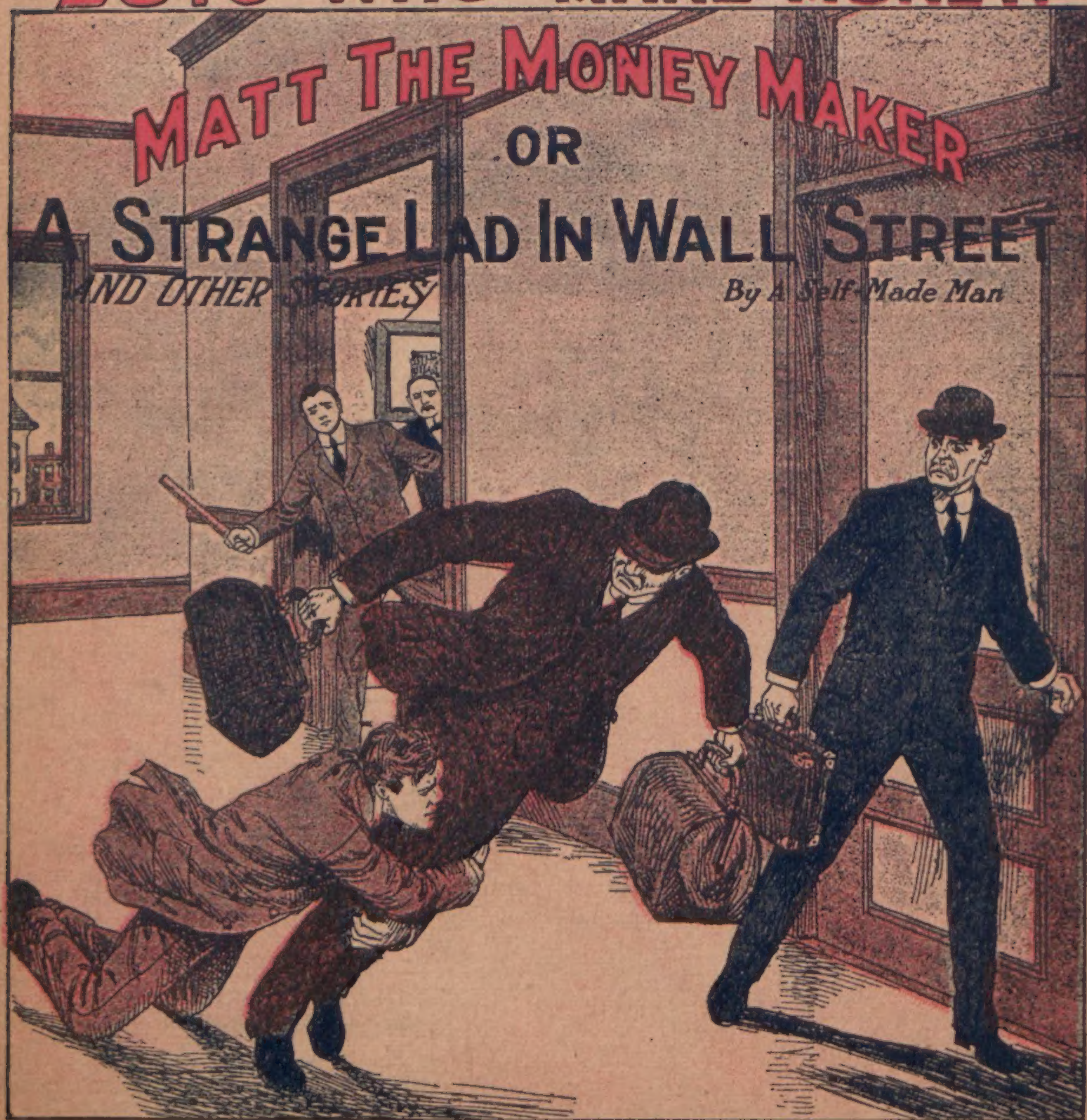


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

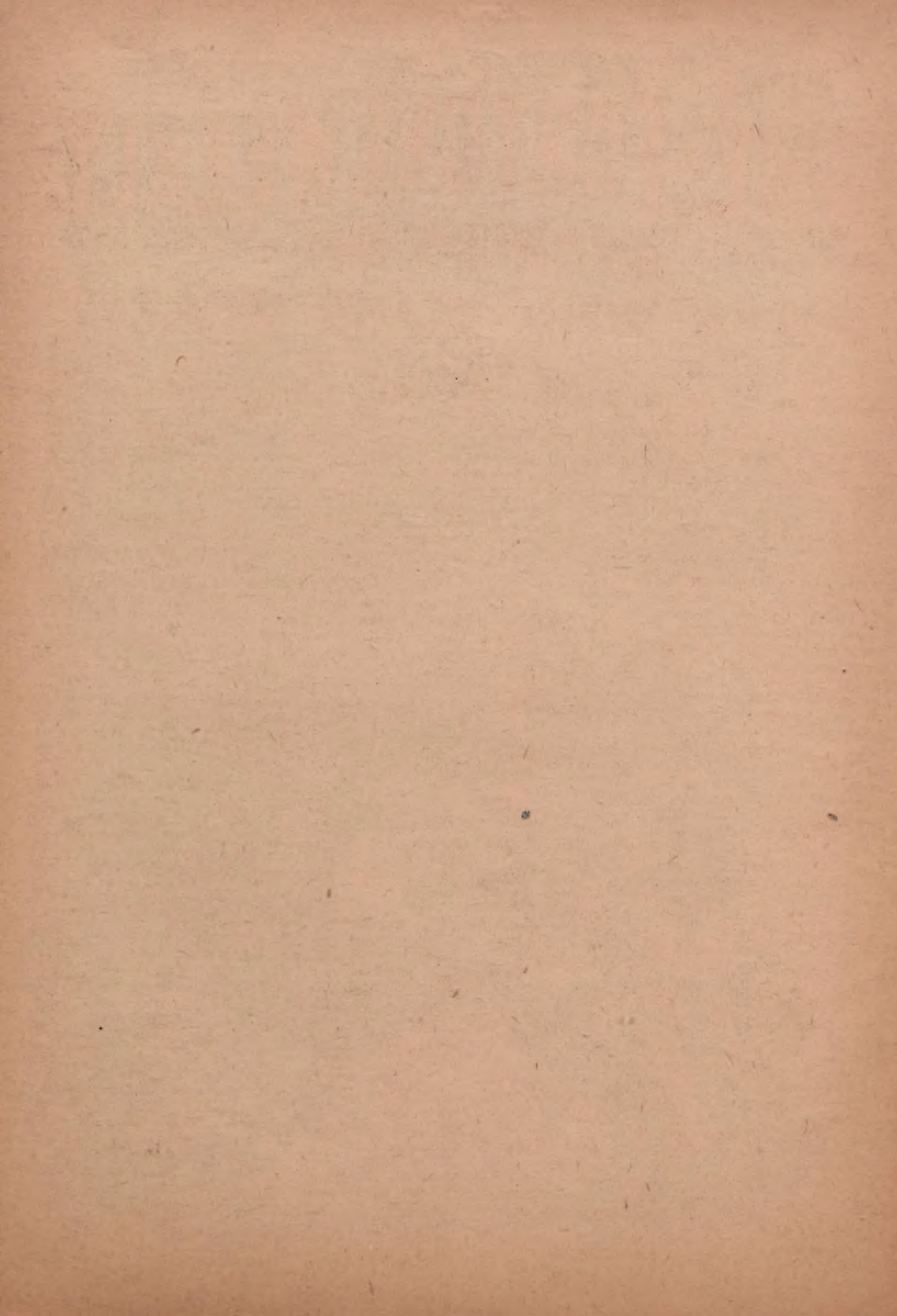


MATT THE MONEY MAKER OR

A STRANGE LAD IN WALL STREET AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man

As the two men hurried along the corridor, Mat burst from the office door and rushed after them. The fellow with the two grips looked over his shoulder and started to run. Mat sprang forward and caught his legs, football fashion.



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry H. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 854

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1922

Price 7 Cents

Matt the Money Maker

OR, A STRANGE LAD IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Matt and His Sister Mattie.

"Matt, I want to see you!" cried a pretty eighteen-year-old girl peremptorily.

The girl in question was Matt Vickers' sister Mattie. They were twins and, barring the difference in their sex and attire, were as much alike as two peas in a pod. Just now there was some difference in their looks. Mattie was flushed and excited and her pretty hazel eyes snapped angrily. Indeed, she was mad clear through — mad enough, as Matt afterwards remarked, to chew a ten-penny nail in two. She had rushed into the office of John Foster, stock broker, on the third floor of the Eden Building, Wall street, where her brother was employed as messenger. She herself was an expert stenographer in Thomas Nelson's stock brokerage office on the floor above. Her cyclonic entrance and unusual appearance took her brother by surprise.

"What's the trouble, Mattie?" he asked, jumping out of his chair. "You seem to be on the warpath over something."

"I won't stand it any longer! I won't! I won't!" flashed the girl with a stamp of her foot.

"I wouldn't," grinned Matt. "What is it?"

"How dare you laugh at me when you see how angry I am?" said his sister, indignantly.

"I'm not laughing," protested the boy, smothering his grin. "You said you wouldn't stand it. Let's hear what you won't stand."

"You ought to know. I've told you several times about the attentions that hateful old moneylender next door persists in paying me."

"Oh, has he been at it again?"

"At it again? He's always at it. As I was starting for lunch just now I met him coming out of the elevator. What do you suppose he had the impertinence to do?"

"As I'm not a mind reader I can't guess."

"He stopped in front of me, the old fright, and said, 'This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Vickers!'"

"And that made you mad, eh?"

"No, it wasn't, it was what he said next."

"What did he say next?"

"Why he had the nerve to say, 'Would you honor me by accompanying me to the theatre some evening this week?' What do you think of that for cheek?"

"It was pretty cheeky of him."

"The idea of that man making such a proposal to me!"

"What answer did you give him?"

"I said, 'Sir!' and then I rushed to the stairs and ran down here to tell you. I have stood his persecution as long as I'm going to. I intend to throw up my position just as soon as I get back from lunch."

"Throw up your job? Don't be a chump. Report the matter to Mr. Nelson, as I advised you to do before, and tell him to put a stop to the annoyance."

"I have told Mr. Nelson and he promised to speak to this man Flint. If he did speak to him it hasn't done any good. I've an idea he doesn't want to offend the man because Mr. Flint accommodates him with loans on collateral right along."

"Pooh! Flint isn't the only man who lends money on securities in Wall street. Nelson doesn't have to patronize him. I guess he can get as good terms at his bank."

"But being next door to his office is very convenient to Mr. Nelson."

"I suppose it is. Then you think your boss won't protect you as he ought to do?"

"I'm sure he won't, that's why I'm determined to leave his office unless you can bring Mr. Flint up with a round turn. As my brother it is your place to defend me against his undesirable attentions."

"All right. I'll tackle the old guy the next time I see him and tell him to leave you alone in future or there will be something doing."

"And if he persists in annoying me what will you do?"

"I am liable to wipe up the corridor or sidewalk with him."

"No, you mustn't touch him. He would probably have you arrested, and that would be dreadful."

"I don't propose to have you annoyed by him or anybody else. I shall put it to him straight from the shoulder, and if he knows when he's well off he'll quit making himself offensive to you."

By this time the young lady had recovered her ordinary composure. She knew she could depend on her brother to protect her, but was afraid he might go too far with the moneylender when they came together, and get himself in serious trouble. She was very much attached to Matt,

which was quite natural, and now that her indignation had subsided she asked herself if she had done right in making her brother acquainted with the latest annoyance she had suffered at Mr. Flint's hands.

"You'd better go to your lunch," said Matt. "The cashier is knocking for me, which means he has an errand for me to do at once."

So Mattie took her departure, and the next elevator carried her brother down with a note in his hand to deliver to the boss at the Exchange. On his way back Matt encountered Flint, the moneylender, in the vestibule below. The old chap, who was dressed rather dudish for his age, and sported a boutonniere in the lapel of his light overcoat, knew Matt by sight, and that he was the brother of the young lady on whom he was smitten. Matt stopped in front of him.

"I'd like to see you a moment, Mr. Flint," he said.

"What can I do for you, young man?" asked the moneylender.

"My sister, who works for Thomas Nelson, in the office next to yours on the fourth floor, has complained to me of certain undesirable attentions that you have taken the unwarrantable liberty of paying her," said Matt. "I must request that you will discontinue them, as they annoy her very much."

Flint, who had expected the boy wanted to ask a different kind of favor of him, flushed angrily.

"You have a lot of impudence to address me in this way, boy," he answered. "Do you know who I am?"

"You are Willis Flint, the moneylender, and I want you to quit making any further advances to my sister. Do you understand?"

"Mind your own business, you young jackanapes!" snorted Flint, angrily.

With that he started for the entrance, leaving the messenger standing where the brief conversation had taken place. Matt took a step or two after him, then reconsidered his purpose and went over to one of the elevators.

"I'll mind my business," muttered the boy, "and it will be in a way you won't like, Mr. Flint, if I hear of you addressing my sister again. It's my business to look out for her, and I'm going to do it if I have to knock your block off."

Matt went on upstairs and reported his return to the cashier. Then he sat down, fully determined to teach the moneylender a lesson at all hazards if that individual didn't mend his ways toward his sister Mattie. The general run of messenger boys in Wall street regarded Matt as a peculiar lad in many ways. Neither he nor his sister had been long in the financial district. They had come from Boston with their mother a few months before, and the little family had taken up their residence in the village of Northfield, a few miles out of Jersey City. Matt and Mattie had worked for the same stock broker in Boston—Matt three years and his sister two. A financial panic had ruined their employer and thrown them out of business. The same panic had almost ruined their mother. Finding it hard to get positions in Boston, where many in their line had been thrown out by the depression following the panic, Matt suggested that they move

to New York, where perhaps he and Mattie might secure something to do in Wall street. So to New York they came, and finding flat rents high, and not being accustomed to living in tall houses with mixed tenants, they looked elsewhere within reaching distance of Manhattan, and finally settled in a cozy little cottage in Northfield, which they rented cheap.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Flint Takes the Hint.

One reason why Matt had not made himself popular with the other messengers in Wall street was because of his distant and reserved ways. He was a thorough Bostonian, and he didn't take to New York boys, though he was gradually getting used to them and their ways. As Mrs. Vickers' money was all sunk in the United Rubber Co. stock the family would not have been able to move to their new scene of action if it had not been for the money Matt had accumulated through various lucky stock deals in the Hub. He financed the change, and paid all expenses while he and his sister were looking for work. When matters began to mend, and both had commenced to turn in the bulk of their wages every Saturday to their mother, Matt had about \$600 left, and lately he had increased that sum \$500 through his first Wall street deal, made through the little bank on Nassau street. Matt usually waited around the office, or the building, or the neighborhood, after he was through for the day, so as to be on hand to take his sister home. He was very fond of her, and when she had been twice annoyed on the ferryboat by a masher he had constituted himself her bodyguard so as to put a stop to anything more of the kind. She was, as we have said before, a very pretty girl, and attracted a lot of attention. As soon as Matt took her under his protective wing admirers kept their distance, for the likeness between the two was a plain indication that they were twin brother and sister, and mashers didn't care to risk trouble with the boy. On the afternoon, about five, that our story opens, Matt went upstairs to see if his sister was ready to go home. He found her putting on her things.

"I will be ready in a few minutes, dear," she said.

"All right. Take your time. I'm in no hurry," replied Matt.

While he was standing in the waiting-room Broker Nelson and Moneylender Flint came out of the private room.

"There's the young jackanapes now," said Flint.

Nelson looked and saw Matt, who was no stranger to him.

"See here, young man," said the broker, "Mr. Flint here has informed me that you grossly insulted him downstairs to-day. Why did you do that?"

"If he also explained the reason for my conduct I don't think you would require an explanation," said Matt.

"What cause could he have given you?" said Nelson.

"He has made himself a perfect nuisance to

my sister, and I simply asked him to cut it out in the future."

"You astonish me. Mr. Flint is too much of a gentleman to interfere with your sister or any other young lady."

"My sister has a different opinion of him. I believe she has spoken to you on the subject a couple of times, and you promised to see Mr. Flint about it. This being the case I don't see how my statement can astonish you."

Nelson hemmed and looked a bit taken aback, then he said:

"I recall now that your sister did say something to me about Mr. Flint, and I mentioned the matter to him. He assured me that he had addressed your sister on two or three occasions with the greatest respect. Am I right, Mr. Flint?"

"You are quite right, Mr. Nelson. I have a great regard—ahem! I mean respect for the charming young lady, and nothing is further from my thoughts than to give her offense."

"There, you hear, young man?"

"I hear what he says, but actions speak louder than words. He had the nerve to stop my sister at the elevator to-day and invite her to go to a theater with him some evening soon. Do you call that the proper thing for a man to do who is practically a stranger to my sister?"

Nelson looked embarrassed and glanced at Flint.

"I don't feel that I am a stranger to your sister, young man. She is employed here in the office adjoining my own, and I come in here and meet her nearly every day. A gentleman of my undoubted respectability and standing in Wall street should be considered privileged to pay a few polite attentions to Miss Vickers under such circumstances. Mr. Nelson will vouch for me, and that ought to be considered sufficient."

At that moment Mattie made her appearance. She stopped on seeing her employer and Flint together, and from her brother's attitude she judged that he had taken up her case with the moneylender, and she was nervous over the result. Flint pretended not to see the girl, and Nelson, fearing that the discussion might assume a serious aspect, drew him toward the door and they went out without concluding the argument with Matt.

"You've been talking to Mr. Flint," said Mattie, catching her brother by the arm. "What did you say to him?"

"Nothing. My conversation was all addressed to your boss."

"Did you complain to him about Mr. Flint?"

"Well, I said a few things, but I did not start the matter. Mr. Flint told Mr. Nelson that I insulted him downstairs to-day, and the broker asked me about it."

"Did you meet Mr. Flint before to-day?"

"I did."

"Did you have trouble with him?"

"I must admit that the brief conversation we had was not a love feast."

"Then you did insult him?"

"I think it was the other way—he insulted me."

"What did you say to him?"

Matt went over the matter for his sister's enlightenment.

"I feared he would take you that way," she said.

"You needn't feel worried over the matter. He knows now that his advances are not desired by you, and if he has any sense he sees that I won't stand for it. If trouble comes he will have only himself to blame."

"I am afraid he can make it very uncomfortable for me here. He is very friendly with Mr. Nelson, and is frequently in here. I think I had better look around for another place."

"I wouldn't rush matters. You are getting good wages here and until Flint began noticing you you appeared very well satisfied with your job. We'll see if the old dude does not tumble to himself. He certainly has brains enough to see that he had no chance whatever with you," said Matt, as they walked to the elevator.

Whether Mr. Flint saw he had no chance with the young lady, or he was afraid of a run-in with her protector, he discontinued his advances, for the time being at least, and Mattie breathed easier. On the following afternoon Matt asked her if the moneylender had annoyed her again, and she told him he had not.

"One day's rest isn't much to judge of his actions by," said the boy. "We'll see how things come on during the rest of the week."

The rest of the week passed without incident and then Matt concluded that Mr. Flint had taken the hint and quit. Matt met him twice on the street, but the moneylender did not design to notice him, which did not bother the boy much. He had nothing to do with Flint, and there was no reason why either should take notice of the other. On Saturday morning, however, Mr. Foster sent him up to Flint's office with a note. A red-headed clerk asked him his business as soon as he went in.

"I want to see Mr. Flint."

"Who sent you?"

"My boss."

"Give him a name, please."

"John Foster, stock broker, on the floor below."

"Why didn't you say that at first? I'll tell Mr. Flint."

In a few minutes Matt was admitted to the moneylender's private room, and his reception was rather frigid. The boy handed over the note he brought. Flint read it, wrote an answer and handed it to him to take back. That afternoon the moneylender's stenographer, a plain-looking old maid of thirty-five, was taken ill and went home. Later on Flint had some letters to write and he sent in to Mr. Nelson and asked him if he would loan him his stenographer for fifteen minutes. The broker called Mattie to his room and told her to go in and take Flint's dictation, and typewrite the matter on her own machine afterward. She objected at once.

"I don't care to have anything to do with Mr. Flint," she said.

"Nonsense! I promised him I'd send you in to help him out, for his own stenographer went home sick a while ago. He only wants to use you to dictate three or four letters, and I couldn't

think of disobliging him when the favor is so small."

"You know why I object to going near him," protested the girl.

"You misjudge the old man. He's all right. Run along now and do as I tell you."

But Mattie wouldn't. She declared she would resign her position then and there before she would take a word of dictation from Flint.

"I am sorry you have taken Mr. Flint's innocent behavior so seriously. If you won't oblige him in this matter I can't make you do it, but it will place me in a bad light with him. I owe him quite a bit of money and I can't afford to offend him. Won't you do it to oblige me?"

Mattie finally consented, much against her inclinations, and she went next door. Flint received her without any show of familiarity, dictated his letters and told her to bring or send the typewritten copies in when they were ready. She returned to her table, typed the notes and sent the sheets, with the envelopes, back by Nelson's office boy. She was pleased that the moneylender had acted decently, but she was not going to trust him any further than she could help. When Matt called for her that afternoon at the usual time she told him what she had been obliged to do and how Flint had acted.

"I guess he has come to his senses," said Matt, "and will not bother you any more."

"I hope he has. These old men act too ridiculous for anything. The idea of them imagining that they can make an impression on any young girl, at their age," and Mattie tossed her pretty head scornfully.

"That's right, sis. There's no fool like an old fool," laughed Matt, as they started for home.

CHAPTER III.—Matt's Services Are Dispensed With.

On the following day Matt found out that a number of Wall street men had combined together to corner and boom C. & D. stock. That was too good a pointer for him to let it pass without making use of it, so he dropped in at the little bank at the first chance he got and bought 100 shares of the stock at 82 on the usual ten per cent. margin. When he took his sister home that day he told her about his new deal.

"Do you think it's safe to risk all your money in the market?" she asked, a bit anxiously. "If either of us should get out of work——"

"It's as safe a deal as a fellow could get in on. The men behind the stock have a raft of money and the inside track. They're bound to push the price up, and when it gets up as high as I think it is likely to go I'll sell out."

"But suppose something happened and the boom was a failure?"

"I'm not supposing any such thing," said Matt, confidently.

"But you ought to know that nothing is ever certain in Wall street."

"Oh, yes, a few things that happen down here are pretty certain to go through. The members of the syndicate know what they're about, and

by following their lead I see no reason why I shouldn't win out and double my money at least."

"Well, the money is yours, and I suppose you have the right to use it as you think best, but I consider you are taking a big risk."

"You can't make anything worth while in this world without taking some risk, sis. I bought the stock at 82. Watch the market report for a week or two and see how things are panning out with me. If I win, as I fully expect to, I'll treat you to a new gown with hat to match, and anything else in reason you strike me for."

Even with the prospect of a new dress in sight Mattie did not grow enthusiastic over her brother's deal. The rough deal their mother had got with the United Rubber Co. stock made her extremely dubious concerning everything connected with stocks in general. Two days afterward she looked at the ticker in her office and saw that C. & D. had gone up two points. That was encouraging, but she knew that the price might go down again at any moment. On the following day the shares went up two points more. Then she began to take courage and to believe that her brother hadn't done such a bad thing after all. And so matters went on for ten days, by which time C. & D. was up to 93. That afternoon she asked Matt when he was going to sell out.

"Not till it goes higher," he answered.

"How much higher do you think it will go?"

"Haven't the least idea," he said.

"But if you sell now you'll double your money."

"Yes, I know."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"That's all right, but remember I'm working on a gilt-edge tip, and as tips don't come a chap's way very often—that is, tips like this one—I want to make all I can out of it."

"I heard Mr. Nelson say that it's a bad thing for a speculator to hold out for the last dollar."

"That's right, too, in most cases, but there are exceptions to every rule."

"I shall be just too nervous for anything until you tell me you have sold out."

"What's the use of you worrying yourself over what I'm doing?"

"Because I'm interested in the result. We haven't so much money that we can afford to lose any of it."

"Pshaw! Ain't I eleven points ahead at this moment? That's a pretty safe margin to calculate on. The price would have to drop over eleven points for me to lose a dollar, and before it did that I'd have a chance to sell out and protect myself."

Mattie said no more. She knew her brother had a considerable wider knowledge of the stock market than she had. He was always reading up the financial intelligence in the Wall street and other papers, and seemed to be deeply interested in all that was taking place in the Street. So she concluded that he ought to know what he was doing. At any rate things continued to come Matt's way. C. & D. jumped up five points more next day. The Exchange was in a furore over the boom. A small army of lambs were interested in it, for speculators were always busy when the market was rising. A slow or falling market kept them away from the Street. Matt was now

figuring on selling out and taking the profit that was in sight, but he was kept so busy running errands that he found no chance to go to the little bank and put in his order. So the day passed and C. & D. closed at 98.

"Things are humming at the Exchange," he told his sister on their way home.

"I guess they must be, for we are very busy at the office, and even the clerks are talking about the boom," replied Mattie. "I think one of them is interested in some stock that is going up, but I don't know for certain. Have you sold?"

"Didn't get the ghost of a chance. I was rushed to death all day."

"What are you going to do?"

"Sell to-morrow, if I have to risk a calling-down for taking too much time over an errand. The market is looking topheavy — that is, the price of C. & D. in particular is too high to last. There is bound to be a drop as soon as the syndicate has unloaded, and its brokers are probably doing that now."

"How much do you think you'll win?"

"If I had sold around half-past two I could have counted on \$1,600 profit."

"That's a lot of money to make in the short time you've been in on the deal."

"That's right. If nothing happens I'll gather it in to-morrow."

Brother and sister were in their respective offices at nine the next morning. At half-past nine Matt was sent on an important errand to the Mills Building, and when he got back another awaited him. Then when Mr. Foster came in he sent him with a rush message to the Bowling Green Building at the foot of Broadway, with orders to bring back an answer as soon as he could. Next he was chased to a broker down on Broad street, and he was kept on the jump till eleven when he ran over to the Exchange with some selling orders to his boss. C. & D. was now going at 102 and a fraction. When he left the Exchange he knew that if he sold out he would rake in \$2,000. He also feared that a slump might set in any moment that would strip his deal of that big profit.

"I must risk a laying out," he muttered. "I can't afford to lose that money. After getting hold of such a fine tip it would be a shame to lose all the benefit it is holding out to me. I'll sell at all risks."

Instead of crossing Broad street diagonally to Wall he went straight up and kept on into Nassau. The little bank was crowded and there was a line stretching away from the clerk's window. To follow up that line meant a considerable loss of time, but Matt was resolved to do it even if he lost his job. It took him twenty minutes to reach the window. Every minute of that time was a nervous strain on him. He thought of the cashier fuming over his absence, and he feared a slump in C. & D. Finally he put in his selling order and got away. C. & D. had not lost or gained anything during the interval, so he felt pretty safe about his deal. He didn't feel so safe about the office, however. When he

rushed up to the cashier's window that gentleman demanded to know where he had been.

"You sent me over to the Exchange," replied Matt.

"Yes, three-quarters of an hour ago at least. Did Mr. Foster send you on some special errand?"

"No, sir."

"Then where have you been?"

"I had a little private matter to look after that could not be delayed, and so I——"

"You're not paid to attend to your private matters during office hours. I shall report you to Mr. Foster. I had to take Drake from his desk and send him out with several important errands. That throws his work behind and we are rushed. We can't stand this sort of thing."

"It hasn't happened before," said Matt.

"It should not happen at all. You should get somebody else to attend to your private business if it is important. Here, take this over to the Exchange and get back here in short order."

"Yes, sir," said Matt, taking the envelope and rushing off.

He found the Exchange more excited than ever. The market was still on the upward trend and he noticed that C. & D. had gone to 103. From that on till three he had no chance to breathe almost, and then he was despatched to the bank. When he got back the cashier said Mr. Foster wanted to see him.

"The cashier tells me you wasted nearly an hour this morning at our busiest time," said the broker.

"I'm sorry, sir, but——"

"You told him that you took the time to attend to private business without permission, and he was obliged to take Drake from his work to send him out."

"I believe so."

"What private business did you attend to?"

"I had to go up Nassau street——"

"I suppose so," interrupted the broker. "You were seen going into the Nassau Street Banking and Brokerage House—a bucketshop. Do you deny it?"

"No, sir."

"I can easily guess the private business that took you there. You are dabbling in the market. Don't you know that's against orders?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Matt.

"Very well, that's all I want to know. I shan't want you here after Saturday. You can look for another position."

"Then I'm to understand that I'm discharged?"

"You are," said the broker in decided tones.

"Isn't this the first time you have had reason to find fault with me?"

"I don't care whether it's the first or the fifteenth. You have broken a stringent rule. I won't have an employee around my office who plays the market. Not under any consideration. If you do it once you'll do it again. I dare say this is not the first time. Have you done it before? Answer me."

"Once before, some time ago."

"I knew it. That covers the ground. You will go on Saturday."

"You won't reconsider——"

"Reconsider nothing. Get out of here now. I don't want to talk to you any more," and the broker turned to his desk.

"Well, I've got it in the neck," muttered Matt, as he walked outside. "However, I don't care. I'm worth \$3,000 and can stand it. I wonder what sis will say when I tell her? She'll have a fit. And mother won't like to hear of it, either. It can't be helped. I took the risk and have got to pay the piper. But it's worth taking a risk to make \$2,000. I'll bet I ain't the only one who would do it."

And thus Matt got the bounce from the only position he ever held in Wall street, and, as events proved, he was not so unfortunate in getting the hook.

Matt acquainted his sister with the state of affairs on their way home that night. His sister was of course sorry, but she knew that Matt would be able to get something to do, so she did not worry or say anything about it. On Saturday Matt drew his last pay at the broker's office. On Monday he strolled down to the little bank and seated himself inside. He saw L. & G. was going up, so he bought 150 shares. He sold out that afternoon and made \$150.

As Matt was going past a building where a coal wagon was delivering coal down a chute a man who was ahead of Matt slipped on a banana skin and in a second was halfway down the hole, when Matt caught him by both arms. The man turned around to face Matt when the boy recognized him as Willis Flint, the Wall Street moneylender.

CHAPTER IV.—Matt Makes a Good Friend.

At that moment the dudish Flint looked like a wreck. Matt couldn't help laughing, though he wasn't the kind of boy to exult over another's misfortune. Flint's hands were as black as the ace of spades, while his clothes were covered with coal and coal dust. Matt grasped him by the arm and got him into a sitting posture, when Flint recognized him and saw the smile on his face.

"Go 'way from me!" he roared. "How dare you laugh at me, you young villain?"

"Don't you want me to rescue you? You'll be covered with coal in another minute," said Matt.

"Get away, I tell you!" cried Flint, giving him a push.

"Oh, all right. Get out yourself, if you prefer."

And this Flint proceeded to do, scattering the coal right and left. Then, conscious of his unpresentable condition, he rushed into a merchant tailor's close by, and that's the last Matt saw of him that day. The boy considered he had a good joke to tell his sister and he kept on toward Wall street, chuckling at the sight Flint presented. As it was early yet Matt turned down Pine street, intending to go around the block. Half-way down a couple of men were fixing the stone coping on the second story of a building. It was loose and they were pulling it into place. Matt stopped to look at them. In some unaccountable way the other end of the heavy stone

swung out and the whole piece slid out of their grasp and fell, just as a gentleman came out of the entrance of the building underneath. Matt had just time to grasp him by the arm and pull him about a foot when the stone crashed past him and struck the sidewalk behind him, throwing him off his balance, and he went down, pulling Matt with him. Matt sprang up and assisted the gentleman to rise.

"You had a narrow shave, sir," he said.

"I realize that I did, and I guess you saved my life by your prompt action, my lad," replied the gentleman.

"I'm glad if I did, for it would have been tough if the stone had struck you."

The gentleman looked down at the heavy fragments into which the piece of coping had split and shuddered. Almost any one of these pieces would have killed him, let alone the whole stone, which had been several feet long in its original shape. The reaction of the shock began to show itself in the gentleman's pale face and unsteady movements, and he had to lean on Matt.

"I must get something to brace me up," he said. "Help me down to the corner."

Matt took him by the arm and they walked off slowly. The gentleman said nothing on the way to William street. He was too unnerved to talk. They reached a liquor store and the gentleman called for some brandy. After he got it down he began to feel better.

"I had a very narrow escape," he said. "If you hadn't pulled me away I'd have been a dead man. Tell me your name."

"Matt Vickers."

"I shan't forget the great service you have rendered me, Vickers. My name is Merritt. Here is my card. You must call on me to-morrow. Are you employed in this neighborhood?"

"I was until last Saturday, as messenger for Broker Foster. At present I am doing business for myself."

"You have an office, then?"

"No, sir. My business doesn't require an office."

"You live in the city, I presume?"

"No, sir. I live in Northfield, New Jersey."

"Do you come to the city every day?"

"Yes, sir. My sister is stenographer for Broker Thomas Nelson."

"Well, I want you to call on me to-morrow. I'll be better able to talk to you then."

Matt said he would call and then he and the gentleman separated. On his way to the Eden Building he looked at the gentleman's card. The name he read was George Merritt, and his office was in Wall street. Matt wondered if the man was the big operator who was at the head of many syndicates that occasionally made Wall street hum. If he was the boy felt he had made an influential friend. When he reached Nelson's office he found his sister waiting for him.

"Well, how did you pass the day?" she asked.

"I passed it to considerable advantage," he replied.

"Let me hear about it," she said, as they walked toward the elevator.

"I made \$150 on a quick stock deal."

"Really?"

"Yes. That's more than I'd have made in Foster's office in four months."

"That's splendid."

"Sure it is. I think I'll stick to the speculating business."

Then he told her he had seen a man that looked so like Lawyer Capias that he had followed him to the Tract Society Building, where he lost him.

"Did you intend to speak to him?"

"I thought perhaps he had an office in the building. In that case I was going to call on him and tell him a few things."

"Do you think that would have done any good?"

"I don't know. I might scare him into allowing mother some money in consideration of the skin game he played on her."

This lawyer was a man who had inveigled their mother into investing her money in a certain stock, which later proved to be a fizzle, and she had lost everything.

"How can we prove that he defrauded her? The stock was quoted at the price she paid for it, and she received one dividend at the rate he held out to her. I am afraid he couldn't be made to give up anything. He'd say the deal was perfectly square, and that in advising her to buy the shares he had acted in good faith."

"But I found out enough about the company to show that the high dividends were paid merely as a bait to catch credulous persons. Now, if Capias said he advised my mother to buy the stock in good faith then he would show himself up as a chump at least, and take it from me, I have sized him up and there is nothing of the chump about him. He's about as shrewd as they come," said Matt.

"I don't doubt it, brother, dear, but we couldn't hold him on that, which is merely our own conviction."

"Well, I intend to have it out with him some time if I am lucky enough to secure an interview with the rascal," said Matt, in a determined tone. "By the way, I have something funny to tell you about Flint."

"What is it?"

Matt then rehearsed the incident on Nassau street, of which the dudish moneylender was the victim. Mattie laughed heartily.

"Dear me, I wish I could have been there."

"He was as mad as a hornet at me, just as if I was responsible for his plight."

"How came he to fall?"

"I couldn't tell you. The sidewalk must have been slippery at that place. Now, I've something else to tell you. I saved a man's life on Pine street a little while ago."

When Mattie expressed her surprise her brother related the incident. He showed her the gentleman's card.

"I believe that's a big Wall street operator. I know there is a George Merritt who manipulates some stock once in a while through a syndicate. I've heard through my late boss that the Merritt syndicate was behind the deal he was talking about. He has invited me to call at his office to-morrow. Maybe I'll find out if it's the same man, then."

Mattie agreed that her brother had probably made a good friend.

"No doubt he could get you a better position than you lost," she said.

"Oh, I don't want a position yet a while. I can make more money through the little bank."

His sister made no reply. She saw he was resolved to follow his own course of action, and all argument tending to persuade him to change his purpose would be useless. Next day about noon Matt visited Merritt's office and was admitted to that gentleman's sanctum. It was a handsomely furnished room, indeed the suite of three rooms was elegantly fitted up, and Matt no longer doubted who Mr. Merritt was. The gentleman gave him a warm welcome, and in the course of their conversation he asked Matt just what he was doing. The boy had to confess that he was speculating. Mr. Merritt raised his eyebrows in a way that indicated disapproval. He proceeded to tell Matt that he was engaged in an extra hazardous game and advised him to quit.

"I'll secure you another position, and help you in every way I can," he said.

Matt, however, shook his head and said that he wanted to continue for a while longer, and see how things went with him.

"What have you made at it?" asked Merritt.

Matt told him about his successful deals in Boston, and also about the three successful ones in Wall street.

"You have been unusually lucky, young man, and I fear your good fortune has spoiled you for business. It is clear you mean or at least wish to go on. Well, there is nothing like experience to teach one either the wisdom or folly of his course. When you have had your fling call and see me and I will place you in a legitimate line. In the meantime, accept from me this little token of my appreciation with the assurance that I am your good friend and well wisher," said the gentleman, handing Matt a small package.

The boy thanked him and soon afterward took his departure. The present proved to be a handsome watch and chain, with a diamond incrustated charm to set the chain off. It was both valuable and attractive and Matt was delighted. And so were his sister and mother when they saw the articles.

CHAPTER V.—The Girl of His Heart.

Two weeks elapsed and Matt's luck varied somewhat. He went into three rapid-fire deals, lost on two of them, but won enough on the third to about even matters up. One day he met Broker Foster on the street. Foster's new messenger had proved a disappointment and the broker was going to discharge him. When he saw Matt, he decided that if the lad had not got another position he would re-employ him, provided he promised to let speculating alone.

Matt, who was coming from lunch at the time, raised his hat respectfully to his former employer, wondering if that gentleman would deign to notice him. To his surprise Foster came up to him.

"Are you working?" asked the broker.

"Yes, sir."

"For whom?"

"Myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I am speculating now for a living."

Foster frowned.

"Then I suppose you don't want to come back to my office and resume your former duties?"

"No, sir. You discharged me peremptorily, and wouldn't reconsider your action, so under such conditions I wouldn't care to go back even if I wanted a job, which I don't at present."

"You are fortunate if you don't care to work."

"I consider it work to keep track of my deals," said Matt.

"Humph! You will end by going broke."

The broker turned away and walked off, somewhat disappointed, for he would have been glad to get his former messenger back, for Matt had really given perfect satisfaction except for his one break.

"I wonder what's the matter with his new boy?" Matt asked himself. "I guess he isn't satisfied with him or he would not want me to return. He'll have to want, though, for I would not go back to him at double the wages I got. I don't think he treated me quite right. He might have let me off with a warning. It was the first time I went contrary to his regulations. I won't give him another chance to fire me, so that's all there is to it."

On the following day Matt overheard a group of traders talking about a syndicate which had been formed to corner M. & O. He was satisfied there was something in it and lost no time buying 300 shares of that stock at 90, on margin. During the next two weeks Matt had all he wanted to do watching his deal. M. & O. first went down five points, then recovered, then fluctuated, and then started in to rise steadily. After it passed 95 it began to attract notice, and brokers and speculators bought it—the former for quick sales and small profits, the latter to hold it for a higher price.

The rush of buyers came when it approached par, and the rush augmented when it passed that point. And so things continued till it reached 105 and a fraction. Matt was afraid to hold on any longer and sold, making a profit of \$4,500. That was the biggest success he had had so far and he was quite tickled over it, and so was his sister. They did not take their mother into their confidence, for Matt said he wanted to surprise her some day by showing her a big roll. She was still in blissful ignorance that Matt was no longer in the employ of Foster, for he took care to turn in his weekly pay every Saturday the same as he had been accustomed to do. Matt had got acquainted with several brokers, and they knew what was doing. Every one of them looked to see him go broke shortly, but he disappointed their expectations. One day he met one of them named Snow.

"Busy to-day, Vickers?" asked the trader.

"No, sir. This one of my off days."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Gladly, if I can."

"Come over to my office. My boy didn't show up to-day, and as I'm very busy I'd like you to help me out. I'll give you \$5 for your services."

"All right. I don't care much for the five, though I never refuse money, but I'll do anything I can to accommodate you."

"I appreciate that, Vickers, and maybe some day I can do you a special service. At any rate, if you want a favor at any time call on me."

So Matt resumed the duties of messenger for that day, or until Snow's boy returned to the office. He was practically through at four and was waiting to see what else he was wanted for when Snow called him inside.

"I want you to go on a special errand for me," said the broker.

"All right, sir," replied Matt cheerfully.

"You won't get home till after dark."

"I'm not afraid of the dark," laughed the boy.

"Nor of work, either, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, here is a package which I want you to carry to the man whose name and address is on it. He lives a mile and a half beyond Hackensack, so you see you've quite a trip on the trolley before you."

"I see I have. Will I have any trouble finding the house?" said Matt, looking at the address, which simply read "Malvern Villa, Westfield road, New Jersey."

"No. The car will take you right to the Westfield road. Tell the conductor to let you off there. You have about half a mile to walk up the road. You can't miss the place, for it's on the left-hand side, and you enter the grounds through an iron gate which bears a plate marked 'Malvern Villa.' That's plain, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; as plain as a homely woman," grinned Matt.

"You'd better start now if you expect to get home in time for supper. You live over in Jersey, I believe?"

"In Northfield."

"That's south from Jersey City and some distance from Hackensack?"

"Southwest, and quite a ways from Hackensack. I'll have to return to Jersey City and get my car there."

"Get a dollar from the cashier for expenses."

"A dollar! It shouldn't cost me more than twenty-six cents."

"Never mind what it costs you. You are putting in extra time. As I haven't heard from my boy, you'd better report in the morning. If he shows up, then I won't need you; otherwise I will," said Broker Snow.

Matt got the dollar and started on his long errand, with the packet, which was light, in his inside pocket. He dropped in at Nelson's office to tell his sister to go home by herself, as he was bound on an errand beyond Hackensack. Then he proceeded to the Cortlandt street ferry, crossed the river and took the car that ran to Hackensack, where he had to change to another. After a long ride he alighted at the Westfield road, and began his tramp to the villa. A brisk walk soon brought him to Malvern Villa, which was easily distinguished by the gate with the silver plate. He entered the grounds, passed up to the house and rang the bell. A colored man opened the door.

"I want to see Mr. Hanson."

"Walk in, sah. What name?"

"Tell him I came from Edwin Snow, of Wall Street."

"Take a seat, sah," and the darky departed upstairs.

Presently he came down and told Matt to follow him. The boy was introduced into a sitting room on the second floor and there saw an old white-headed gentleman of benevolent appearance.

"Sit down, young man," he said. "You have come quite a distance."

"Yes, sir; but that doesn't count where business is concerned," replied Matt. "Here is the package I brought you. Kindly sign that receipt and then I will go."

"Dear me, no. You must have dinner with me. It is going on six o'clock, and I suppose you live in New York. I dare say it will take you more than two hours to reach home, and you would be very hungry by that time. You certainly must remain to dinner," insisted the old gentleman.

"It is very kind of you to invite me to dine, but you mustn't consider me in this matter. It isn't your fault that I reached here so late."

"Never mind that. We see so few visitors that it will be quite a privilege to extend the hospitality of a meal to you. I enjoy talking to bright lads like you. It makes me feel almost young again. How old do you think I am?"

"Seventy, perhaps," hazarded Matt.

"I was that fifteen years ago. I am eighty-five—four score and five. I have lived twenty years beyond man's allotted span, according to the Good Book."

"I suppose you can remember when you were a boy?"

"Bless me, yes; but it's a long time ago. It comes to me like a dream that is ever with me," and the old man sighed, as if he regretted the long lapse of time which separated him from his happy boyhood's days.

"You have seen a great deal of life, sir."

"Ah, yes! I have witnessed the most important events of the nineteenth century, for I was born shortly after the close of the War of 1812."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Matt. "That was a long time ago."

"I served under Scott in the Mexican War."

"You were in the army, then?"

"Yes. I was wounded at Chapultepec, and drew a pension from the Government, though I do not actually need it, for within late years I have prospered to a considerable extent."

"Did you take part in the Civil War?"

"No. I was in London during that struggle, assistant to the manager of an American concern."

Matt forgot the lapse of time as he sat and listened to many of the old gentleman's reminiscences, which to him were deeply interesting. Finally the old man's daughter, a widow of nearly sixty, made her appearance, and Matt received an introduction to her. Then followed a lovely girl of sixteen, the old gentleman's great-grandchild. Her name was Madge Hunter. She was on a visit to her grandmother and great-grandfather. Matt learned that she lived in Roseville on the suburbs of Newark. He thought he had never seen a prettier girl and was much attracted by her. Almost immediately dinner was announced and all went down to the dining room, the old gentleman quite as spry as any of them.

The meal was plain but substantial, and as Matt was hungry he did full justice to his share of it. He also got better acquainted with the ladies, particularly Miss Madge, who appeared to be regarded as a privileged character. She seemed to take a great fancy to Matt, who was a mighty good-looking boy. In this respect she only followed the lead of old Mr. Hanson. In the course of the conversation Matt told how he had been born and brought up with his sister in Boston, and had only come to New York within the past year. He told that he and his folks were living in Northfield, a few miles south of Roseville. That interested Madge.

"You must call and see me when I return home and bring your sister. I should be delighted to know her. Does she look like you?" she said.

"Does she? Just imagine I was a girl and you'll see her," he said.

"Then you greatly resemble each other?"

"We are twins."

"Is it possible?"

"If we changed clothes half our acquaintances wouldn't be able to know the difference."

"Goodness! You must look exactly alike."

"People on Wall Street who see us every day haven't yet got through looking at us when we are together. We are called the Wall Street twins. Why not?"

"I feel as if I knew her already," said Madge.

"She must be a lovely girl."

"She certainly is, if I do say it. I only know one who rivals her."

"Who is that?" asked the young lady curiously.

"Pardon my frankness if I say that is yourself, Miss Madge."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Hunter, with a vivid blush, and perhaps a thrill of pleasure, for she was already half in love with the visitor.

From the dining room they adjourned to the sitting room, and owing to the charms of Madge, Matt was easily induced to prolong his stay till nine o'clock, when he said it was time for him to go.

"I have enjoyed a very pleasant visit, Mr. Hanson," said Matt. "It was very kind of you to invite me to stay."

"Not at all," replied the old gentleman, with a smile. "I shall be happy to have you come again soon if you do not find my home too much out of the way."

"Thank you. I should like you and Mrs. Gresham," referring to his daughter, "to make the acquaintance of my sister. I am sure you would like her."

"Bring her with you by all means when you call again. Young people are my delight," said the old gentleman.

Madge handed him her address and said he must bring his sister when he called at her home.

"If you will give me your address I will send you word when I have got back," she said.

Matt did so and then wished them all good night.

CHAPTER VI.—The Two Crooks.

It was a dark walk from the villa to the trolley car, but Matt did not mind that. His thoughts were not on the road but back at the

villa with Madge Hunter. There is no use in disguising the fact, it was a case of spoons with him. It was the first time he had ever found a girl that came between him and his twin sister. In the last three hours Madge had become the bright particular star of his thoughts. It was late when Matt got home that night, and he found his mother and sister up and waiting for him, and rather anxious over his long absence.

He told them about his visit at Malvern Villa, how splendidly he had been treated, and what a fine time he had had there. Mattie was immediately interested in Miss Hunter.

"Is she pretty?" she asked, a bit jealous of the impression the young lady appeared to have made on her brother.

"I should say so—as pretty as yourself," he replied.

The compliment was lost on his sister, who began to see visions of a rival in her brother's affections, which wasn't at all to her liking.

"You are certain to like her, sir."

"I like her? I don't expect to meet her."

"Sure you will. I've got an invitation from her to call at her home in Roseville when she gets back, and bring you."

"I don't think I care to call on young ladies I don't know," said Mattie, in a tone that expressed her feelings.

"When you call with me, I'll introduce you, and then you'll know her. Besides, I've promised to take you to see old Mr. Hanson. He's very desirous of meeting you. He likes young people, and you'll find him the nicest old gentleman you ever met. He's eighty-five years old, and as hearty as some men at fifty or sixty. Just think, he fought in the Mexican War and draws a pension from the Government. He was born way back in 1816, soon after the close of the War of 1812. I'll bet there are not many people in the country with that record."

"It's time to go to bed, children, if you expect to go to business at the usual time," said Mrs. Vickers, so to bed they all went.

Next day Matt showed up at Snow's office, and found that the regular messenger had not come down, so he prepared to put in the day for his temporary boss. Mr. Snow received a note from the mother of his office boy, saying he was ill in bed with a severe cold and would not report for a day or two. As that was Friday, it was a sign that he would not come to work till Monday, so the broker asked Matt to fill out the rest of the week, which he agreed to do. About one o'clock Snow called on Matt to go out with him, and they went up to a Broadway bank and the broker received two small grips containing securities which he had hypothecated for a large loan, which he now paid.

"Take them back to the office and hand them to the cashier," said Snow.

The broker went off to keep an appointment and Matt started for the office. Two well-dressed men in derby hats, who were standing outside the bank, looked hard at the grips in Matt's hand and then started to follow him. If they intended to try and rob him of one or both on the street, they found no safe chance of doing it. They had the nerve, however, to follow him into the elevator and into Snow's office. The counting room happened to be deserted at the mo-

ment, and the men thought they saw their chance to pull off a quick and daring move. One of them followed Matt to the counting room gate, and as he put one of the bags down to open it the man struck him a heavy blow on the head that sent him staggering against the fence. The shock caused Matt to drop the other grip. The man snatched up both bags and started for the corridor, preceded by his companion. They passed through and started for the elevator. Matt was dazed for several moments, and then he realized what had happened.

"What's the matter, Vickers?" asked the cashier, peering through the latticed fence at him.

"Matter!" cried Matt. "I've been robbed of two grips by a scoundrel who followed me in and struck me a terrible crack on the head. Follow me! We must catch them before they escape from the building."

As he spoke he made a dash for the door. As the two men hurried along the corridor, Matt burst from the office door and rushed after them. The fellow with the two grips looked over his shoulder and started to run. Matt sprang forward and caught his legs football fashion. The rascal stumbled and went down on the floor at full length just as the cashier and a clerk came running out into the corridor. The man's companion, seeing that the game was up, made no effort to save his friend, which would have been useless any way, but started for the stairs and went down them at a rapid rate.

He succeeded in making his escape. Matt held tight to the other's legs until the cashier and clerk came up and grabbed him. The boy then let go of his legs and picked up the grips. The would-be thief was marched back to the office and the police communicated with. Fifteen minutes later a couple of officers came, handcuffed him and took him off to the station house, where he was held on a charge of attempted grand larceny. When Broker Snow returned an hour later he was amazed on learning the facts. He complimented Matt on his prompt action, and said the men might possibly have got off with their booty but for his quickness.

"So one of them escaped?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Matt.

"Did you furnish his description to the police?"

"I didn't get a good look at him, but I told the man at the station house about how he looked. He was well dressed like the other chap."

"They'd have made a good haul if they had gotten away with those bags, for there were \$40,000 worth of negotiable bonds and stock in them; and some of it belonged to one of my best customers. The fellow will be brought up for examination to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you and I will have to be present. I'll see that he gets what's coming to him," said the broker.

Next morning Matt and Snow appeared against the man at the Tombs Police Court and he was held for the action of the Grand Jury. Eventually he was tried, convicted and sent up the river. Mr. Snow paid Matt \$10 for his three day's service, and \$100 more for saving the two grips, though Matt didn't want to take the latter sum. On Monday he was at the little bank again.

The market was rising and before noon he had bought 500 shares of H. & N. at 85. Matt held on to this till Friday, and seeing something better in sight he sold out at a rise of three points, making \$1,500. He immediately went into L. & D. at 92, buying 500 shares. On the following Wednesday he closed this deal out at a profit of \$2,500.

About this time his sister told him she had heard Mr. Nelson and Willis Flint talking about him. Nelson said he had been fired from his job with Foster, and Flint said he was glad to hear it.

"They think a whole lot of me, don't they?" grinned Matt. "If they knew I was worth over \$11,000, I guess they'd be surprised."

"They think you are looking around for another position and can't find one. Mr. Nelson told me he heard you had lost your place with Mr. Foster, and asked me if you had got another one. I told him no."

"Did you tell him what I was doing?"

"No. I didn't consider it was any of his business."

"That was right. Some day I'll surprise both him and Foster."

"And Mr. Flint, too," said his sister.

"Yes. He hasn't bothered you since, has he?"

"No, I am glad to say."

Three days afterward Matt got a scented note from Madge Hunter, telling him that she had returned home and would be happy to see him and his sister any evening they could make it convenient to call. Matt showed the note to Mattie and asked her to make a date. At first she declined going with him, but after a little coaxing she finally consented. They agreed on an evening and Matt sent word to Miss Hunter when she could expect them. Half an hour's ride on a trolley car brought them to Roseville, and they had about four blocks to walk. The Hunters lived in a neat two-story and attic house, with a small garden in front.

A servant admitted them to the cozy parlor, and here Madge made her appearance, looking even more charming than on the previous occasion. If Matt had retained any part of his heart since he had first met her he lost the remnants right away.

"Happy to meet you again, Miss Hunter," he said. "Allow me to make you acquainted with my sister, Mattie."

Madge almost gasped at the close likeness between brother and sister. She bowed and expressed the pleasure she felt in meeting Miss Hunter. Mattie was a little stiff at first, for she recalled the dangerous levelness of Miss Hunter, but as Madge took to her quite impulsively, on account of her strong likeness to Matt, to whom we may as well admit she had lost her heart, Mattie gradually softened toward her, and before the evening was over the two girls were as thick as peas in a pod. Mrs. Hunter came in and was introduced, and by and by Madge carried Mattie off to her room and kept her there some time, showing her her treasures, and leaving Matt to be entertained by her mother.

Then Mr. Hunter appeared and was introduced to Matt, and they got talking together about Wall Street. Matt confessed that he was following the market as a business, and was mak-

ing out first rate. He said he had made over \$8,000 since he quit his position as messenger, and expected to double that before he was much older. Matt and his sister stayed until half-past ten, and received a cordial invitation to repeat their visit at an early date.

"But you must come and see us, Miss Hunter," said Madge, in an equally cordial way. "It isn't such a long way here from our house. It didn't take us more than three-quarters of an hour, including the ride on the trolley, to get here."

"I'll come. What evening would suit you best," said Madge.

"Oh, any evening that suits you, but you might drop me a line in advance so we'll know you are coming."

"I will," and so the matter was arranged.

"What do you think of her, Mattie?" her brother asked, when they got outside.

"She's a sweet girl, and I like her very much indeed," said Mattie, with some enthusiasm.

"I knew you'd like her. Aren't you glad you came with me?"

"Yes. I needn't ask what you think of her, for I can see that when she is around I shall play second fiddle."

"Nonsense!" blushed Matt.

"You can't fool me, brother dear. You are over head and ears in love with her, you know you are: and she has eyes for nobody but you."

"You're very observant. How do you know she thinks anything of me?" asked Matt eagerly.

"Haven't I eyes? Can't I tell from a person's actions what they are thinking about? I hate to have a rival in your heart, dear, but I'd rather it were Miss Hunter than any girl I know."

"That's worth several kisses, and I'll pay up when we get home," said Matt, as he signaled a trolley car.

CHAPTER VII.—The Old Mill.

Although Matt had been in Wall Street nine months now, he had made no particular friend among the lads of the district. Now that he was engaged in a speculative career there was even less chance of his picking up one. Nor had he acquired a clam in Northfield, where he lived. He spent so little of his time in the village that he had made few acquaintances. Because of his reserve in approaching other boys, he was considered strange, in the same way he was regarded by the Wall Street messengers.

So when Decoration Day came around, and there was nothing doing in the way of business to take him to New York, he was thrown on his resources for amusement. He decided to take his sister over to see old Mr. Hanson. And an arrangement was entered into with Madge Hunter to take her along. Matt and Mattie left home after an early lunch, went to Roseville and picked Miss Hunter up, and started for the suburbs beyond Hackensack. They reached their destination about three, and, being expected, received a hearty welcome. Finding that the two girls stuck together, Matt, after a time, said he was going out for a walk.

"I suppose you are a good walker," said the old gentleman.

"I've been a messenger long enough to learn

the knack of covering ground at a good rate," replied Matt.

"Then if you don't mind a three-mile walk you might go up the road and pay a visit to an old Revolutionary mill. It's worth seeing, although it's a sad ruin, but its historical recollections have induced the present owner of the property it is on to let it remain for the elements to crumble, instead of pulling it down and using the small piece of ground it stands on. It is half a mile from, and out of sight of, the Westfield road. The old road that ran past it has gone out of existence and has been absorbed by the two farms in that neighborhood."

"How will I be able to find it, then?"

"When you reach the top of the hill look to the left and you will see a line of woods on the farm that spreads out there. The old mill is behind those woods."

"That's one thing you have to take your hat off to in point of years," laughed Matt.

"Yes, according to the date, almost obliterated from one of its foundation stones, it is all of fifty years older than myself."

"I'll take it in," said Matt, and off he started.

When he reached the summit of the hill he saw the line of woods. The nearest farmhouse, in which the owner of the property lived, was half a mile away. There was no one in sight when Matt got over the fence and cut across the wide field. The wood was not very extensive, and when he passed through he saw the old mill ruin down in a hollow. He walked down to it. It was certainly a curious old relic, built of solid stone, which accounted for its stubborn resistance to the ravages of time and the elements. The big door that once closed the front entrance was gone, and so were the windows, leaving nothing but bare holes, through which the wind whistled at times, the rain entered at will, and the snows of winter likewise. Behind the building one could see the round shaft that supported the missing wheel. The water way whence the wheel had received its power was hidden by dense shrubbery, which grew out of its dry bed. The bones of the miller, turned to dust, who first set the edifice into active service lay in a near-by rural churchyard, under a quaintly carved headstone.

The remains of subsequent millers had found their way to the same resting place. Finally the old mill went out of commission, and for a time the water flowed and gurgled through the bottom of the wheel. Then water and wheel went the way of all things, and nothing remained but the useless mill, with dents in the stones made by musket balls, and a hole in the cellar, repaired by small stones, through which a cannon ball had bored its way. Matt entered the building with some caution, for he suspected that the wooden floors were not over strong. He was mistaken, for they were made of live oak and were still pretty solid. Had he made more noise, the result of his visit might have been different. He passed through a doorway into a dark and dust-covered passage. Here he struck a match to look around and to see if any pitfalls lay in the way. In a corner stood a stairway and it pointed to the floor above. He tried the stairs as he walked up and found them solid, but here again his caution deadened his footfalls.

The landing was bare and dirty, and there were many footprints in the dust, but he did not notice them. He found two closed doors, and when he tried the first he found it was fast, either locked or nailed up. He went to the second, and as he laid his fingers on the knob he heard strange sounds inside. The sounds reached him in a muffled way, as if from a distance. He tried the door and saw it was as fast as the other. Apparently something was going on from behind closed doors. He could not imagine what could be in process in an old and deserted mill that necessitated the securing of the doors.

He listened, but the sounds told him nothing as to their meaning. He flashed a match and looked for the keyhole. It appeared to be stuffed up. That indicated that the door was bolted on the inside. Not the faintest bit of light came under the door. The sounds went on steadily for a while and then came to a stop and profound silence ensued. Not a footstep nor a voice could be heard. After an interval the same sounds were resumed. Matt's curiosity was aroused to a high pitch. Looking up, he saw a hole that had furnished entrance by way of a ladder to a loft, built of stout timbers.

There was no ladder or other means now of getting up there, and the loft itself was in a more or less dilapidated condition. Matt leaned against the door and strained his ears, but with no success. He could not possibly tell what the sounds were. He was about to give the matter up and return downstairs when the door suddenly and noiselessly opened and he fell inward, striking against a man, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and consternation. The place into which Matt stumbled was pitch dark. As he recovered himself he heard a voice say in quick tones:

"Shut the door. This is a spy."

Then Matt felt himself seized in a kind of bear's hug and held. He struggled to free himself, but the effort was useless.

"Put on your mask," said the same voice.

"All right. It's on," spoke another voice.

"Get a rope and tie that chap while I hold him. He seems to be a boy."

As Matt naturally objected to being tied, he made another effort to get free, but it amounted to nothing. The second man proceeded to tie his arms to his side. He was then dragged into a corner and an electric flash light turned upon him. The glare of the light dazzled his eyes and revealed him clearly to the two men, but he could see nothing but the bright streak that widened out from the end of the implement.

"It's a boy, and a well-dressed one," said the first voice. "A stranger, apparently, in this neighborhood. Who are you, boy?"

"My name is Matt Vickers."

"Where do you live?"

"In Northfield."

"Whereabouts in Northfield?"

Matt told him as near as he could.

"What are you doing in this neighborhood?"

"Visiting."

"Who? The farmer who owns this property?"

"No; a gentleman who lives three miles from here."

"What brought you to this old mill?"

"Curiosity to look it over."

"So! What have you seen?"

"Not a whole lot so far. I just arrived."

"How long were you outside that door?"

"Not long. I say, what's the object of all your questions? Who are you and what are you doing in this old mill which is supposed to be deserted? What makes that noise I hear? Sounds like a piece of machinery. I have answered all your questions fairly. I'd like you to answer mine," said Matt. "Also explain why you have treated me in this rough way."

"We are using this old building to conduct an experiment in," said the man who had spoken first. "We don't wish the nature of the experiment to get out until we have patented it. We have been bothered by a great many curious people who have tried to pry into our secret. Further, we have rivals in Hackensack who have sent persons here to spy on us. Until we are satisfied you are not one of these we shall have to detain you and keep you bound. If you turn out all right, we'll not only apologize to you but make you a suitable reparation."

"You can easily find out I'm all right, by going to Malvern Villa and asking about me. I brought my sister and another young lady over to the villa to spend the afternoon and evening," said Matt.

"Very well, we'll investigate your statement. In the meantime you must consider yourself a prisoner."

The light was shut off and Matt heard a whispered conversation carried on by the men in the darkness. Matt noticed that the boards were covered with felt, which deadened the sound of the man's steps when they moved around. The light had shown him that the room he was in was very narrow, like a passage, and he wondered why it was kept so dark. The experiment they had referred to must be a very important one to be surrounded by such precautions. As he hadn't been able to get the slightest line on it, he could not see why the men considered it necessary to hold him prisoner. As they were still in the room he called their attention to that fact. They heard him, of course, but he got no reply. One of them came to him, felt in his pockets for his handkerchief, took it out and blindfolded him.

"Say, you chaps are rubbing it in on me," he protested.

"We consider it a necessary precaution," replied the man.

"A necessary precaution in a place as dark as the ace of clubs?"

The man made no answer to this remark. A door was opened admitting a bright light, and the sounds of some kind of a machine in motion came plainly to the boy's ear. The two men passed noiselessly through it, and closed it behind them. As the sound became muffled again Matt easily divined that a door had been opened and shut. No other sound reached his ears. As far as the passage was concerned, it was as silent as a tomb.

The door opened again, and this time three men came out, the first two and another one. Matt was conscious that the light was turned on him again, for he could see it after a fashion through the folds of the handkerchief. A low conversation was carried on between two of the

man. Presently he felt his legs being tied together—another "necessary precaution," he grimly reasoned. He now began to suspect that something more than a secret to be patented was being done in that mill.

It seemed to him if it was generally known that certain persons had obtained the right to use the old mill for some legitimate, though secret, purpose that Mr. Hanson, knowing he was going there, would have told him about it. The old gentleman had told him the mill was deserted, and had been for a great many years. Clearly he did not know anything about the experiment that was in progress. Of course the villa was three miles from the mill and many things must take place at the ruin without his knowledge. Still if, as the man had told him, they were bothered by many inquisitive persons nosing around, the news, it struck him, would have reached Mr. Hanson.

On top of it all the unceremonious way in which he was treated did not speak well for the men engaged in this secret enterprise. Had they simply excluded him after he tumbled into the room, and made their explanation outside, he might have accepted the matter in a reasonable light; but as the case stood he did not like the looks of things at all. Once more the light was turned off. One of the men re-entered the inner and lighted room, where the machine appeared to be, and the other two went to the outside door, which was opened for one of them to pass through. Then it was rebolted, and the man who remained within went into the other room, leaving the prisoner to comparative silence and his own thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.—Matt's Important Discovery.

Satisfied that there must be something crooked in the wind, Matt began to make an effort to get rid of the cord that held him. It was around his arms and body several times and tied on one side. It had not been tied tight enough to hurt him, and so when he got to tugging at it he loosened it still more. He felt that if he could extricate one arm, the rest would be comparatively easy, so he gradually worked his right arm around in front of his body, and upward by slow degrees. In this way he got it to the middle of his chest, then shoved it out between the strands, and thus got half of the right arm, to the elbow, free.

By considerable wriggling he managed to get his right hand into his pocket. His pocket knife was there, and he managed to get it out. It was a difficult feat to open a blade with one hand, so he waited till he had worked his left hand around in front. He put the knife in that hand to hold, and then he opened it with his right fingers. The battle was now practically won. All he had to do was to saw the rope, and as his knife blades were fairly sharp, he severed two strands of the cord. That loosened the whole business up so he could pull the rest of it off. To cut the rope holding his feet was then but the work of a moment. Getting on his feet he struck a light, for he was satisfied he was alone. The gleam of the match showed him he was in a kind of narrow passage about three feet by six or eight.

He looked at the door through which he had tumbled and saw that it was bolted twice, the bolts being a yard apart. Then he looked for the other door and found it at the other end of the passage. It was bordered with pieces of felt to keep out both light and sound, but it could not wholly effect the latter. The noise of the machine came through it, though not very loud. However, Matt was sure it was in the room beyond, and he was curious to see what was going on in there. It was rather a dangerous matter to try to investigate. Prudence suggested that now he was free he ought to make his escape without loss of time.

He went to the other door, drew the bolts and opened it halfway to give him the chance to run in case he was seen at the other door. Then he returned to the inner door, laid his hand on the knob, wondering if it was bolted on the inside. It was not secured, and Matt pushed it open an inch, and peered into a well-lighted room, artificially illuminated by lamps. All the openings on the outer air had been closed up and covered with felt. At the far end stood two young men working a plate press, while seated at a table was a third man. This man, to Matt's surprise, was the very image of Lawyer Capias, the Boston lawyer, whom Matt and his sister suspected of having deceived their mother about the shares of stock he gave her.

He was examining a lot of newly printed bank notes through a powerful magnifying glass. Some of them, after a most careful inspection, he laid out singly on a board, while others, evidently rejected ones, he tossed into a box beside him. Matt was a shrewd lad, and it didn't take him many minutes to decide that this secret business was a counterfeit money plant. While he was looking through the crack of the door the men at the press stopped work.

"There's the last," said the man, laying a board of spread-out bills on the floor. "How do you find the previous batch?"

"First class," replied the man who Matt took for the lawyer. "I have only found three that I regard as imperfect, though they might pass master in some places. I have thrown them out, as it won't pay to take any chances where we have secured such a lot of perfect ones."

"You have \$150,000 worth in your safe deposit box," said the other.

"Yes, and to-day's work will pan us out another \$50,000 worth, with a few over. That will make an even divvy of \$50,000 apiece. That is what we agreed upon when we went into this thing. To-night we will dismantle this place and hide everything in the hole we have prepared in the cellar to receive it. You and Dexter may as well start in at once and take the press apart after cleaning it. Smear the white stuff well over all the exposed steel parts so as to prevent the rust getting to them, though there ought to be little danger of that when the machine is properly packed, for the cellar is as dry as a bone."

"We'll see that everything is put away all right," said the other.

"I merely mentioned the matter, for you chaps know more about machinery than I do."

"That's all right. You are the boss of this scheme, and you have carried us through in

splendid shape. The farmer who let you have the use of this mill believes your story about a new invention you are getting in shape to be patented, and as we haven't been bothered by visitors, except that young fellow outside, since we started in, he surely has kept his word with you."

"I paid him well to do it."

"If he knew that the wagon he loaned us to bring the press and other stuff from the railroad station carried a counterfeiting outfit, I guess he wouldn't have been so nice to us," said the other, with a laugh.

"Probably not. We shall borrow the wagon again first thing in the morning and make a bluff of carrying our stuff away. That will prevent any search of the building by and by, if when we start to circulate the notes the Secret Service people begin a general investigation when some bank discovers a spurious note and reports the fact to Washington."

"Our arrangements for getting the notes out to the public was so clever, thanks to your fertile brain, that I hope they will all be disposed of for real money before any suspicion reaches the Treasury Department. Then it will be too late to catch us."

"That's right. We may never use our plant again, and in that case it will be in the cellar until the old building is demolished and the foundation dug up."

"I fancy the surprise it will produce when it is found," chuckled the other.

"Hand up that other board and I will finish the inspection. See that the discarded bills are carefully destroyed. Tear them into fragments and bury them in the wood at the foot of some tree like you did with the others."

"Don't worry. I'll see that they are disposed of. I mixed the others with earth and water at the bottom of the hole and then poured slack lime over them. They are gone by this time."

"That was right. I see you are a careful man."

"A man can't be too careful when engaged in this sort of business."

"Of course. This last lot is particularly fine. It is a pity we can't go on a few days more, and make half a million, but that is impossible, for all the paper is used up, and we can get no more."

While they were talking the other man had been slowly taking the lighter pieces of the machine apart and laying them down to be cleaned later. He now called his companion to assist him, and the talk between the chief worker and the presumed lawyer ceased. The latter continued with his careful inspection of the bills, and Matt watched him till he had finished. Then

he sat back with an exclamation of relief, put down the glass, lit a cigar and began to smoke, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, doubtless to rest them after the strain they had been subjected to. Matt judged it was a good time to beat his retreat.

He had discovered a wily lawyer, and he felt that he had no time to lose if these counterfeiters were to be caught with the goods. The village of Westfield was a short distance beyond the farmhouse of the man who owned this property, and he had made himself an innocent accomplice of the counterfeiters by placing the old

mill at their service, and keeping their alleged plans a secret, as they had requested him to do.

"I suppose the right thing for me to do will be to go there and tell what I've seen to the village police. They will raid the mill, catch the three rascals, one of whom I believe to be Lawyer Capias, and capture the outfits, and a part of the notes which have been printed. As the rest are in the lawyer's safe deposit box, presumably in New York, the Government ought to have no trouble in finding them."

With the foregoing resolve, Matt left the inner door and walked out of the other one, closing it after him.

"They will soon discover I have escaped, and that will probably cause them to hurry their movements," he thought, as he ran softly down the stairs to the floor below. "I must lose no time myself."

He hastened to the front door and was about to go out when he saw a man approaching with his arms full of packages. Although he had not seen this man before, he was certain he was the chap who had been present when he was captured. It wouldn't do for the man to see him coming out of the mill. He was bound to recognize him, and make a strong effort to head off his escape until he learned if he had been let go by his associates in guilt. The counterfeiting game was too risky an enterprise to take any chances in. But where was Matt to hide so that the man could pass him without seeing him and go upstairs? There wasn't a spot in the big, well-lighted room where he could conceal himself had he been only a foot high.

The only place dark enough in the passage was under the stairs, and that was impracticable because it was an open hole, the way Matt guessed, to the cellar. The only thing, then, was for him to take refuge in the cellar until the coast was clear. Accordingly, down into the cellar he went and presently heard the man's heavy footsteps overhead. Before the man could ascend the stairs, one of his friends came running down.

"Is that you, Dan?" he said, as he came on, in an excited tone.

"It's me, Jerry. What's the excitement?"

"The boy has made his escape!" said Jerry.

"The dickens he has!" ejaculated Dan.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Cellar.

Matt, from his position halfway down the cellar steps, distinctly heard their words.

"I wonder what they'll do?" he thought. "Doubtless they'll make a search to try and catch me. I don't think they'll imagine I came into the cellar, so as soon as they leave my way clear, I'll start for the village by a roundabout way."

"Yes, the boy got free somehow," said Jerry. "Got his hand into his pocket, got out his knife and cut the rope. We never thought of his doing such a thing as that. Then he slipped the bolts and made off."

"Do you suppose that he got on to our business before he started?" asked Dan anxiously.

"No. If he'd opened the inner door, one of us would have seen him. I guess he was only too glad to cut his stick the moment he got free."

"But he's sure to tell that something is going on here, and that we handled him roughly, and made him a prisoner. That may arouse suspicion, and cause an investigation. Have you finished printing the bills?"

"Yes. They're all done and we've got the press apart."

"Good. We must get a hustle on and get everything out of sight as soon as we can, then it won't matter what the boy tells about us."

"You didn't see any one like him on the road, I suppose?"

"No. He didn't come the village way. He told us he came over from Northfield with his sister and another girl to visit the people at Malvern Villa. He's gone there, and that place is about three miles down the Westfield road in the direction of the county road."

"I suppose there is no use of our looking for him?" said Jerry.

"Hardly any. What did Capias say when he heard he had escaped?"

"I didn't stop to hear. I yelled in to him and Dexter that the boy had got away, and then rushed downstairs and found you starting to come up."

"It is the lawyer," thought Matt, on hearing Capias' name mentioned. "I thought there could not be two men who looked so much alike."

"Well, I'm going upstairs," said Dan, the man with the bundles. "We'd better postpone supper till we get rid of the plant."

"I'm going to the door to look out," said Jerry.

"It's only a waste of time, if you expect to get a sight of the boy."

"I'll be right up after you."

Dan hurried upstairs and Jerry went to the front door. He saw nothing stirring in the neighborhood. Then he went outside and walked around the mill to no purpose. When he re-entered the building Dan was coming downstairs with a lighted lantern.

"Going into the cellar, Dan?" he asked.

"Yes," replied that worthy.

Matt heard that and he felt that he must hide somewhere or he would be discovered. He retreated below, struck a match to see where he should go, and saw that the place was full of debris and the broken remains of the original shaft, the inner end of which had fallen, and stood against the opening in the wall at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Matt blew out the match hastily, lest the light should betray him, and, picking his way to the shaft, got behind it. It was not the best place of concealment, but it was the only place he could pick out on the spur of the moment, and he had to take his chance with it. Down the cellar stairs came Dan with the lantern, which threw a circle of radiance around him. He started for the end of the cellar, and passed within a yard of Matt. The boy held his breath and stood like a statue under the shaft. Then he followed the man with his eyes. Dan held up the lantern and looked down into a good-sized hole. Matt saw the hole, but not the box which was in it. The box was empty and had a cover, which Dan removed and stood against the wall.

The boy wondered if he couldn't sneak out of the place without being heard; but he was afraid to risk it. If he was caught, there would be no

the opportunity for him to put the police on to the counterfeiters before they had got away. From the failing light that came in through the apertures around the upper end of the shaft Matt was satisfied that the afternoon was almost spent. He should have got back to the villa long since, and he knew that Mr. Hanson and the girls would be wondering where he had gone. Now he heard footsteps above, several of them. Down the stairs came Jerry and Dexter bearing a heavy part of the press, assisted by Lawyer Capias. Dan came forward and took the lawyer's place, and the piece of steel was taken to the hole and placed in the box. The lawyer returned upstairs. Matt hoped the rest of the bunch would go up together so that he could get away. He was disappointed, for Dan remained behind to arrange the part of the press in the box. As the man's attention was on the work he was doing, Matt might have got away without him knowing it, though that is doubtful, for there was so much rubbish in the cellar that he was bound to make a noise in getting to the stairs. Down came the two men and the lawyer with more of the press, and these trips were repeated until the box was loaded up and the cover nailed on. The men then fell to and filled the excavation up.

After they had finished burying the box they went about picking up bits of refuse and throwing it over the place to conceal the fact that anything had been hidden there. Several times they came so close to Matt that he was sure he would be discovered, but he wasn't, and the men finally left the cellar, taking the lantern with them. Now that they were apparently not coming back, Matt left his hiding place and went as far as the foot of the cellar steps. He listened to their footsteps ascending the main stairs, and on the landing above, after which silence succeeded.

"Now is my time," thought the boy.

He ran up to the ground floor, and saw that night had fallen upon the face of nature.

"It must be seven o'clock by this time," he thought.

He struck a match and looked at his watch. It was half-past seven.

"The folks have had their dinner, but I suppose they are keeping some for me. But I must go to the village first and notify the police there about these chaps. By the time I get through with this business it will be nine o'clock, and I'll have to wait for my dinner till I reach a restaurant, or take a cold bite at the villa," he said, as he walked up to the wood.

Looking back at the mill, he couldn't see a light anywhere in the second story where he knew the lamps were burning. The hoary old ruin looked as deserted as a graveyard at night.

"Those people are working so hard to get away that it strikes me as very doubtful if they will be caught to-night," thought Matt, plunging into the little wood. "It's too bad I wasn't able to get away when I got out of the room. Then I would have had the police down here long before this."

He crossed the field to the road and turned his face toward the village, two miles away. As it was late, and Decoration Day at that, all the stores, except the saloons and the two drug stores, were closed. He struck a tavern first.

It was full of villagers in their best clothes. His appearance attracted no particular attention until he inquired for the station house. The barkeeper directed him how to find it, and at the same time was curious to learn why he wanted to go there.

"Anybody been robbed?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," replied Matt. "You say I must go three blocks and then turn to my right, cross the street and walk a block and a half?"

The barkeeper nodded.

"I guess I can find it, though I've never been in this place before," said the boy.

Here one of those present asked him where he was from and what had happened. Matt declined to make any statement, and that aroused more curiosity. Before any further questions were propounded to him he left the saloon. In due time he reached the police station house and found it a small place, presided over by one officer, to whom he told his story. The policeman asked him several questions, and seemed doubtful about his statements. He wrote facts down in his book and said it would be attended to.

"It will take three or four policemen to capture the bunch," said Matt. "I'm ready to go with them."

"There's none here now, and the chief is out of town," said the officer, seemingly not in a rush to do anything.

"But if something is not done at once they'll make their escape," said Matt.

The policeman was sorry, but said that the two extra night men who were usually in the station house had been sent out on duty, and the only thing he could do was to call up the captain on the wire and talk to him.

"Do it, then," said Matt impatiently.

The captain's house was called up and that officer answered. The policeman told him the chief facts and said the boy who brought the information was in the station house. Matt was called to the wire and repeated his story for the captain's benefit. After closely questioning him the captain said he would be right over. Nearly twenty minutes elapsed before he showed up, and then he brought two policemen with him. There was more questioning for Matt, and then the two officers were sent with him. It was then half-past nine and he was satisfied that his sister had already had several fits about him. As Matt and the policeman were walking down Main street they met Mr. Hanson's colored servant coming out of a drug store where he had been telephoning the station house about the boy.

The servant learned enough to inform him that Matt had been at the station house nearly an hour, and was then en route for the old mill with two policemen.

"So here you are, sah?" said the colored man. "I's been ridin' 'round lookin' for you for about two hours. Mistah Hanson don't know whar you been and got to, and your sistah is most worried to death about you."

"Is that your horse there?" asked Matt.

"Yes, sah."

"Then ride back to the house and tell Mr. Hanson and my sister that I'm all right, and will return as soon as possible. Just at present I have some business on hand at the old mill with these policemen. You can tell Mr. Hanson that I dis-

covered a bit of crooked business at that place, and that I am trying to catch the rascals. Say I expect to reach the villa inside of an hour," said Matt.

The colored servant mounted his horse and galloped away. Matt and the policeman went to the stable where the police light wagon was kept, harnessed up the horse and started for the old mill. It didn't take them long to reach the nearest point to it in the road. There the horse was tied to a tree and the party cut across the field. When they came out in sight of the mill the building looked just as Matt had viewed it last in the starlight—dark, silent, and apparently deserted. They walked down to it and entered. One of the officers had an electric flashlight, and he turned it on. After seeing that there was no one on the ground floor, they took a look in the cellar from the stairs. It was dark and without an occupant. Matt pointed out the shaft behind which he had been hidden, and whence he had observed the movements of the counterfeiters when they were hiding their plant. He showed the place where the box was buried. They then went upstairs.

"If they are still here, you may expect to find the door bolted, but the small sledge hammer you have brought along will make short work of it," said the boy.

The door, however, was not secured and yielded readily to the touch of one of the officers.

"I guess they've gone," said Matt regretfully.

And so it proved, for they found nothing but the deserted, felt-covered rooms, with the meager furniture contained in the larger one.

CHAPTER X.—Matt Advises the Government.

The officer with the light turned it on every part of the rooms, but not a scrap of paper was seen of an incriminating nature. The drawer of the table held nothing, and a small cupboard contained only a small quantity of food and various condiments. There was a small stove intended only for heating purposes, and the fire in this was out and the bottom full of white ashes. A box in a corner contained part of a bushel of coal, and another box kindling wood.

There were two kerosene lamps with reflectors behind them, and a can half filled with illuminating oil. There was hardly anything else in the place.

"These fellows took all the precautions against discovery they could," said one of the officers; "but they couldn't have gone to so much trouble, for you say they had the farmer's permission to use the mill, and it isn't once in a coon's age that any one but boys visit the place."

"I came here by accident," said Matt. "I did not know about the existence of this old mill until Mr. Hanson told me about it, and said it was worth while looking at on account of its historical recollections. The counterfeiters made a big mistake by treating me the way they did. I probably would have believed the story they told me about experimenting with an invention they intended to patent if they had used me right. It sounded reasonable, and I would not have tried to intrude upon their secret. But by making

prisoner of me they aroused my suspicions concerning their business here, and so by luck I found out all about them."

"The government will have to be notified, for it's the business of the Treasury Department to run this business to earth. The Secret Service men are better able to tackle such a job than the local police, for these rascals are pretty sure to go some distance with the money they have manufactured before they attempt to put any of it out," said one of the policemen.

"I do business in Wall Street," said Matt, "and I'll call at the Sub-treasury in the morning and tell my story. I think that will bring the matter to the attention of the Government quicker than a letter to Washington. The Sub-treasury has detectives on tap, and you may expect to see a couple of them over here early to-morrow."

"I'm thinking Farmer Brown will find himself in a peck of trouble over this matter," said the officer. "He'll be called to explain why he permitted a bunch of strangers to use his mill for a secret purpose."

"I heard the boss of the counterfeiters remark that the farmer had been well paid for his permission and the use of his team to fetch the plant here from the railroad station," said Matt.

"So much the worse for Brown, then, if he accepted money and agreed to keep their presence in the mill a secret."

"But he doubtless believed the men were engaged in a legitimate piece of business."

"I guess he did, but that only goes to show that he was a fool."

"He's pretty well off, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. This farm, which he owns free and clear, is the largest by long odds of any in the county, if not the State."

"Did he buy it cheap?"

"No. It came to him from his father, who got it from his father. It's been in the family a long time."

"He has a good reputation, hasn't he?"

"None better around here."

"Oh, then he'll come out of this all right. A rich and prosperous man, with a good name, is not likely to knowingly aid and abet a counterfeiting game."

"I should hardly think so, for the risk of discovery is very great, and the punishment, when caught, is extremely severe."

They went into the cellar again, and Matt showed exactly where the counterfeiters had hidden their plant. The officers had no shovel to test the matter, and took the boy's word for it.

"We'll make our report to the captain," said one, "and he may send us back with shovels to dig for evidence, or he might let things stand as they are till the Government people come on the ground, which I guess will be to-morrow."

"They'll be here to-morrow all right, don't you worry," replied Matt. "Those chaps never let the grass grow under their feet, particularly in a case of this kind."

"You'll be the only witness they'll have, so you may expect them to keep constantly in touch with you. If they run the counterfeiters down and get all the bogus money away from them, you will get a reward for your services."

"I won't refuse it," said Matt. "I am entitled

to something, for I've lost an afternoon's pleasure, and a good dinner, through the rascals."

Matt looked at his watch.

"My gracious! It's half-past ten. I must get on to the villa. I've got to take my sister and another young lady home to-night and get something to eat also."

They walked back to the road, where Matt parted from the officers and started off in the opposite direction. It was close to eleven when he rang the bell at the villa and was received as one whose coming had long and anxiously been expected.

"For goodness' sake, Matt, what has kept you away until this hour?" cried his sister.

"You know that Johnson met me in the village in company with two policemen, don't you?" he replied.

"Yes; so he told Mr. Hanson, and Mr. Hanson told Madge and I. But you made no explanation to him except the remarkable statement that you had discovered something wrong at the mill and you were going with the officers to catch the rascals connected with it."

"I suppose you haven't had anything to eat, Vickers," said the old gentleman, at this juncture. "I have had your dinner keeping warm in the oven. You had better come and eat it, and then we'll hear your story."

"I'm sorry to have put you to all that trouble, sir," replied the boy. "It is more than I expected at this late hour. I'll be glad to avail myself of your kindness, for I must admit that I'm half starved."

"Come along, then," said Mr. Hanson, taking him by the arm, and the whole party went down to the dining room, where an end of the table was spread in expectation of the boy's coming. The food was hustled before him, and while he ate it he told his story between bites. That his audience was much astonished goes without saying.

"Are you certain it was counterfeiting the men were engaged in?" asked the old gentleman.

"It couldn't have been anything else, for they were printing bank notes," answered Matt.

"You saw them printing them?"

"I did. I can swear to it."

"You heard one of them say he had paid Farmer Brown well for the privilege of using the mill?"

"Yes."

"I'm surprised that a man as well off as he is would rent out the mill for any purpose he wasn't fully acquainted with."

"He believed the yarn they gave him, and I dare say they took him into the mill and showed him the press while it was in sections, and explained that was the idea they were at work on, and with which they were experimenting and getting into shape to have patented," said Matt.

"But it wasn't necessary for them to come out here in the country to carry on their experiments, supposing their business was legitimate. They could have hired a large room somewhere in Hackensack, or Jersey City, or elsewhere, where they would have been at less disadvantage. Everything needed for such experiments as they alleged they were engaged in would have to be brought from a distance, which would have

put them to considerable expense and great inconvenience, I should think. I should think Mr. Brown would have called their attention to those facts when they first approached him on the subject," said Mr. Hanson.

"That's the way I look at it. However, there is no doubt in my mind they came here to make counterfeit bills. They have turned out \$200,000 worth, and are done. They have buried their plant in the cellar of the mill and gone away for good. The press, and the plates also, no doubt, will be found by the Government detectives, and that will prove the truth of my story. Then it will be up to the sleuths to find the men, and the money before it gets into circulation."

Midnight arrived before the party left the dining room. Mr. Hanson said he could not think of letting the young ladies go home such a distance at that late hour. He had lots of room in the house. Mattie could bunk in with Madge, in the room his great-granddaughter always occupied on her visits, and Matt could have a small room on the floor above. The visitors offered no objection to this arrangement, and all hands retired for the night.

After breakfast Matt started for Jersey City with the girls. Reaching Montgomery street, they alighted and the Wall Street boy put Madge aboard a car that would take her home. Then he went into a telegraph office and sent a message to his mother, telling her that he and Mattie had stopped at the villa all night and were now bound for Wall Street. They reached the financial district shortly after nine o'clock, and Matt left his sister in front of the Sub-treasury. He went up the steps and entered the Government building. He inquired for the head official and was told he was not at his office yet, but his first deputy was there.

To him Matt went and told his story. A Secret Service man was called in and Matt had to go over his story again. His name and address was taken, and he gave his business as a speculator on the stock market. The detective went out and sent a telegram to the Westfield police. The reply he got satisfied him that the boy's story was founded on fact. The case was at once reported to the Treasury Department, and detectives were sent over to investigate the cellar of the old mill and to interview Farmer Brown.

Matt was told that he would be regarded as an important factor in the case, and that in the end he would be suitably rewarded for his services. He reached the little bank about eleven o'clock, and in the course of an hour he bought 500 shares of Erie, which was rising rapidly. He intended to make a quick deal, for he knew Erie was not to be depended on. At half-past-two it had advanced five points. Then Matt sold out and made \$2,500 profit. Fifteen minutes afterward the price began to fall, and had gone down two points when the Exchange closed. The afternoon papers had the story of the counterfeit plant discovered in the old mill near Westfield.

They had all the facts disclosed by Matt. He would have been interviewed had the reporters been unable to find him. Farmer Brown's explanation had not thoroughly satisfied the detectives, and he was arrested and brought before the judge of the United States Court in Jersey City, where he was released under heavy bail.

A detective found that Lawyer Capias had an office on Broadway.

His stenographer told the sleuth that the legal gentleman had been at the office for half an hour that morning, and had then departed with a suitcase, leaving word that he was going to Philadelphia on important business. An investigation among the downtown safe deposit vaults developed the fact that Capias had a large box in one of them. This was put under ban by the Government, and an order secured from a judge for the opening of the box in the presence of the chief officer of the vault. Only a few legal papers were found in it. The person acting for the Government expected this, for it was shown that the lawyer had called at the vault that morning and had had access to his box. If there were counterfeit bills in it previous to that time, he had taken them away with him. No clue so far was obtained as to where the counterfeiters had gone. One feature of the case that worried the Treasury Department was the fact that no light had been thrown on the kind of bills printed, or the name of the National bank which was used.

Matt had not been able to secure this very important bit of information, and the plates had not been found in the box with the rest of the plant. To find out where they were hidden, a force of Secret Service men were carefully going over the road in the immediate vicinity of the mill. It was hoped they would be able to unearth them. Of course, there was the possibility that they had been carried away and perhaps dropped into the Hackensack river, and hidden somewhere else. Matt had been warned to say nothing for publication, and so when a couple of newspaper men called on him that evening he was careful not to let out anything more than had already appeared in print.

About the middle of the week he received a letter from the Treasury Department, thanking him officially for the information which he had voluntarily supplied the Government, and assuring him that he would be ultimately rewarded in a manner commensurate with the value of his services. So Matt hoped the counterfeiters would soon be captured, and the bogus money taken from them.

On Saturday Matt called on Mr. Merritt, the gentleman whose life he had saved, and while there learned of a tip on A. & B. Matt invested his last cent on the stock, and when he sold out found he had made the sum of \$31,000. He was now worth \$45,000. When he went home he told his mother and sister all about his finances. They were agreeably surprised. Matt also told them he was thinking of renting an office and starting out for himself as a broker.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

That evening after surprising his mother, Matt seriously considered the office idea. A small room would answer his purpose, and he guessed he could find one. The first thing he did next morning when he reached Wall Street was to start out on a hunt for a single room. He went around among the older Wall Street buildings, and finally found a room on the fifth

floor back of a certain building in the heart of Wall Street. The rent was reasonable for the locality, and he rented the office, paying down the first month's rent in advance and agreeing to sign a lease to keep it, or be responsible for the rent till the first of the next May, ten months off.

He was required to give a reference satisfactory to the agent, and he referred to Mr. Merritt, the operator. He was told to come around next morning, and if everything was satisfactory the lease would be ready for him to sign, otherwise the rent he had paid would be returned to him. He spent the rest of the day at the little bank. Next morning at eleven he called on the agent and was told that the room was his on signing the lease. He signed it and then went out to buy the furniture that he thought necessary. This consisted of a rug, a desk, a small safe for effect, a table and several chairs, besides some pictures for the walls. He made application for ticker service. Telephone service went with the room. By the following afternoon everything was in place, and Matt felt some pumpkins. He went to a printer and ordered some cards reading simply "Matthew Vickers, Office, No. — Wall Street, New York."

On the glass half of his door he got a painter to put his name. When he got his cards he mailed one to Broker Foster, another to Snow, a third to Mr. Merritt, also one to Mr. Hanson, of Malvern Villa, and one to Madge Hunter. The last was accompanied by a note inviting her to call between nine and five any time she came to the city. Then he thought he'd send Flint, the money broker, one, and did so. When Flint got it he stared at it for some moments, then with an angry ejaculation he tore it up and threw it in his waste basket. He gave several to Mattie, and she handed one to Nelson, with the remark that her brother was doing fine.

"What is he doing?" said Nelson, trying to conjecture Matt's business.

"He buys stocks when they are low and sells them when they are high."

"He's lucky. Most people buy them when they are going up and hold on to them till they begin to fall, and have to sell in a hurry to avoid losing all their margin. What does he want an office for?"

"To sit in when he feels like it, and to entertain his friends when they call on him," said Mattie, without a smile.

"Rather an expensive luxury, I should think."

"He doesn't mind the expense."

"The dickens he doesn't. One would think he was a capitalist."

"He's got considerable capital, so I suppose he can be considered a capitalist."

"Where did he get his capital?"

"He made it himself, that's why we call him Matt the Money-maker."

Nelson chucked the card on his desk and said no more about Matt. Later on when Flint came in he saw the card.

"Did that boy send you one, too?"

"What are you talking about?"

"That card," said the money-broker, pointing.

"His sister gave me that. She says her brother is a capitalist now, and she calls him Matt the Money-maker."

"That boy is getting too big for his shoes."

"That's what I think. It's a wonder he does not start out as a broker."

"A pretty sort of broker he'd make!" sniffed Flint. "Well, how about this note of yours which is due to-day?"

"Let it run a week longer."

"I will for a \$100 bill."

"You never asked me a premium before."

"I'm doing it now for a change."

"Oh, come now, cut it out."

"Sorry, but I can't. On the whole, I'd prefer you to pay up."

"It isn't convenient. Why are you suddenly putting the screws on me?"

"Because charity begins at home. I've heard that you were pinched in yesterday's slump, and some people consider you shaky. I don't care for shaky customers, so I dropped in to ask you to come to time."

"I'll give you \$100 for a week's extension."

"No. I want the money now or I'll sell the security."

"This is a fine way for one friend to treat another. You'll cause me considerable loss if you squeeze me on this thing."

"Sorry, but charity begins——"

"That'll do. I'll bring the money to you in an hour."

"In an hour. Very good. If you fail——"

"You sell the stock, I suppose. I won't fail."

Flint, with a stiff nod, turned and walked out.

"The blamed scoundrel!" muttered Nelson, turning to his desk. "He's like all the jackals of Wall Street. At the first whisper of trouble, he's at his debtor's heels. It would give me a lot of satisfaction to kick him downstairs."

About that time Matt was down at the Curb watching the mining stocks. There was a slump on and everything was on the run. Most of the brokers were trying to sell some stock for a customer. Nobody was particularly anxious to buy. One broker offered any part of 5,000 shares of Hiawatha Copper at \$5. The usual price was \$10. Matt tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'll take you for cash," he said.

"Who are you?" said the trader.

Matt handed him his card.

"Do you represent that gentleman?" said the broker.

"That's my name."

"Why, you're only a boy."

"What of it? Do you want to sell that stock? If you do, I'll pay cash for the block."

"Where's your money?"

"I have a certificate of deposit for \$45,000 on Nassau Street Banking and Brokerage Co. Bring the certificates there and you'll get your money."

"They'll have to be transferred to you first, and I want a deposit."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Will you give me time to get the money?"

"I'll go with you to the bank."

"All right," said Matt.

They went to the little bank and the boy turned in his certificate.

"Give me \$5,000 on account," he said.

He got the money and handed it over to the broker, who gave him a receipt for it and an order for the stock on payment of the balance. Next day when Matt got the certificates Hiawatha

had gone up a dollar a share. Two days afterward the Curb market began rising, and Hiawatha went up another dollar. He held the shares two weeks and sold them for \$10, making \$25,000. As a money-maker he appeared to be a distinct success. About this time Madge and Mr. Hanson called to see him. He gave them a warm welcome.

"You seem to be a regular Wall Street man," said the old gentleman.

"No; only a Wall Street boy," laughed Matt.

"You are doing well, I take it?"

"I cleaned up \$25,000 yesterday on a little deal."

"My gracious!" ejaculated the old gentleman.

"You'll be a millionaire some day."

"I only need \$30,000 to make me one now."

"Are you worth \$70,000?"

"Yes, sir, and I've made every dollar of it myself. My sister has nicknamed me Matt the Money-maker."

"Why don't you take your sister into your office?" said Madge.

"Because I haven't anything for her to do."

"How do you make your money?"

"By outguessing the market."

As it was around lunch time, Matt invited his visitors to lunch with him. They accepted, and he took them to Delmonico's. After the meal the three called on Mattie for a few minutes, and then Madge and her great-grandfather said they must go back to New Jersey. The old gentleman invited Matt and his sister to call on Sunday and take dinner at the villa. They accepted the invitation, Matt with alacrity when he found Madge would be there.

The papers next morning contained the story of the capture of the counterfeiters in Portland, Oregon. They were in due time brought to Jersey City and arraigned for their crime. The money had not been found in their possession, and they would not admit anything. Matt was called upon to identify them, which he did.

Farmer Brown also identified them as the men who had hired the old mill for a presumed innocent purpose. Finding that they were likely to be convicted, anyway, their lawyer made a proposition to the Government involving the turning over of the bogus money if his clients were let down easy. The proposition was accepted, provided the plates were given up too. The plates had been thrown into the Hackensack river and could not be produced. The spot, however, was pointed out, and a diver got them.

The counterfeiters received a sentence of five years each. Soon after the case was settled Matt received a check of \$100,000 from the Treasury Department, and the day after he got it he made \$20,000 more on a deal in Southern Railway. These additions to his capital made him worth an even \$100,000.

Three years later he was worth a quarter of a million, and on the strength of that he won and married Madge Hunter, and so we draw the curtain on the lucky career of Matt the Money-maker.

Next week's issue will contain "OUT FOR EVERYTHING; or, THE BOY WHO WAS WILLED A CIRCUS."

CURRENT NEWS

PIG BITES DOCTOR

Dr. A. H. Bressier, Manhattan, Kan., physician, is "taking some of his own medicine." The doctor was bitten on a hand recently while at his farm attempting to separate a mother hog from her baby pigs.

BEGGAR RETURNS DIAMOND RING

Mrs. Ethel Eahn of East St. Louis, Ill., gave a strange woman who appeared at her home seeking charity a pair of shoes. The woman returned a diamond ring valued at several hundred dollars which had been hidden in one of the shoes.

HUGE GUIANA DIAMOND

An uncut diamond from British Guiana, said to be the largest discovered in the Western Hemisphere, arrived recently aboard the Lamport & Holt liner Vestris in the iron chest of a passenger, Prof. W. J. Lavarre of the Smithsonian Institution and Harvard University.

Prof. Labarre said the chest was in charge of the ship's purser, Harry Beckett, and that it would be taken to the appraisers of stores, where the diamond would be weighed and appraised, and after the payment of duty would be cut.

The professor gave an estimate of the probable value of the stone. He said he had gone to Brit-

ish Guiana about eighteen months ago to search for diamond fields, and that he had acquired the stone and others less valuable from a native. He said there doubtless was a great deposit of diamonds in the region he had visited and from which the big stone came. He was reticent about the location of the diamond field.

THE SOURCE FOR FINE PAPER
DISCOVERED

An experiment conducted in a sugar factory at Yakima, Wash., proves that the stems and leaves of the Swiss chard will produce a high-class paper, containing 48 per cent. cellulose, against but 6 per cent. in wheat and oat straw.

The new product has been declared equal to the finest Japanese parchment, of remarkable consistency, suitable for drawing, engraved cards, books and magazine demands. Chard grown on irrigated land produces immense crops, the estimation being about forty tons per acre.

The plant will mature when grown from seed in three months after planting, and will keep on growing and adding new leaves until harvested. The second year it goes to seed, but is useful for a coarse grained paper.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER IX.

Turning the Surprise on Newcastle.

Dan and Zachary waited patiently while the figures on the distant road became larger.

"Great Scott!" muttered Dan, in astonishment, "they are Judge Barton and his daughter riding with Newcastle."

"That improves our chances a leetle," said Zachary Shank. "But mighty small they are at that, son!"

The two remained patient until the riders were about a quarter of a mile down the road.

"There goes one of the mountaineers out to peak to Newcastle," said Dan.

"This ought to be our chance to get away, and run for it to Jefferson Cable's farm. Shall we make a try fer it, Dan?"

But the youth shook his head.

"Let's surprise them by going right down the hill for Newcastle. I'll give him a startler, all right. We can't any more than get shot at, and the fact that the judge and his daughter are along with Newcastle will put that leader into a bad hole. Those two Eastern people don't believe that he is the head of the moonshine crowd, and here's my chance to nip Mr. Jake's game in the bud right now."

This was what Dan was waiting for; such a chance would not turn up again. The daring old guide was not to be outdone in spirit by the lad, and so he, too, put all his nerves away, and they leaped into the saddles of the aroused horses.

Down the slope they started in force earnest.

It was a great test of horsemanship, for they were riding with only single-hand grips on their pommels, and their Remington rifles free in the other hands.

Bang!

Bang!

There was a fusillade of shots from the circle which had been drawn about the pair.

But so sudden had been their charge that the marksmen did very poor work by the hillside.

The bullets went wild.

Dan and Zach were not neglecting their opportunities, however, and each fired a couple of shots.

The Remington repeating rifles accomplished wonders, for the mountaineers dropped back after the four shots, and the two riders sped toward the oncoming group without further trouble.

Jake Newcastle, his nose broken and terribly

swollen, looked very unlike the dapper swaggering dandy whom Dan had tackled earlier that eventful day at the Ford.

The judge and his daughter watched this curious charge down the hill with unfeigned alarm.

Barton had his revolver drawn, as did Newcastle.

But the other two had their rifles ready, and they rode up with determination and not a mite of fear.

"There's been enough of this, Dobson!" cried Newcastle. "You and that old scamp with you have been fighting ever since you struck this country. I give you warning to get out of here before I have you captured and locked up for attempting murder."

The judge's daughter looked at the pale, fearless face of Daring Dan Dobson in bewilderment.

She could not force herself to believe that this youth was a desperado, and despite the lurid tales which had been poured into her ears, as she and her father were guided along the road by Newcastle.

He had promised to bring them to the richest part of the big estate which he claimed as his own.

And he had unwittingly blundered upon Dan at a crucial time like this. Newcastle would have given a small fortune had the young fellow not crossed his path just now. Dan Dobson started straight at the leader of the moonshiners, and Jake knew that the truth was coming out; and that he could do would be to try to subvert it.

"So you talk to me about lawlessness!" cried Dan. "I am on the land belonging to my father and myself, as the titles will show."

"Where are your papers?" cried Newcastle, exultantly. "You haven't got a thing to prove it."

Dan laughed contemptuously.

"You are not as clever as I thought you were, and maybe I am not such a fool as you thought me. Do you suppose that I would bring original documents down into this dangerous country? The papers you stole from me are duplicates made by the clerk of the court for me to carry. You didn't examine them carefully enough."

Newcastle uttered a curse between his clenched teeth.

He realized that he had been tricked now, but he raised his gun to revenge himself on some pretext or other.

"You are a desperado!" cried he. "I am justified in treating you as one, too."

He had the weapon actually aimed, but at this juncture, to Dan's horrified surprise, the young girl flung herself between them.

"You shall not shoot!"

"Why, my child!" exclaimed her father, "you must not get into this terrible row!"

But Dan had leaped away from the shelter of her pretty figure—he would have none of such assistance at this particular instant.

"I don't need any girls to protect me, for I am in the right, and I am standing before a bully and a coward. I gave you a broken nose, Newcastle, this morning. Before I get through with you, I am going to break you in every way, and land you behind the prison bars, where you belong!"

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

LAD SWALLOWS STAPLE

While he was holding a small iron staple between his fingers and trying to whistle upon it Harold Walker, six years of age, of Burnside, Pa., drew the staple into his throat, where it lodged with the points up. He was taken to the Clearfield Hospital, but efforts to remove the object caused the sharp prongs to penetrate the flesh. Fear of piercing the windpipe caused surgeons here to advise that the boy be taken to Philadelphia for treatment, as the staple is slipping down his throat and may enter his lungs. The lad suffers little inconvenience.

CLEOPATRA PLAYS JOKE ON ANTONY

After Cleopatra had vamped the Roman general, Antony, and had won him from camp and battle to bask in the warm sun of Egypt by her perfumed side, she was often at a loss to devise new means of entertaining him.

One day she hit upon the idea of a fishing party, and the two, accompanied by a great retinue, proceed to the river's edge, where they fished to the tinkle of harps and the waving of peacock feather fans.

Antony had but ill luck, and the maids of honor pulled up more fish than he. This was held to be either a great joke or an indication of the displeasure of the gods, and it needed but a featherweight to throw the scales either way.

Antony hated being laughed at, and to be thought disfavored by the gods was a serious business in those days. He therefore arranged with a personal slave to strip and dive beneath the boat and there fasten fish to his hook, the fish being taken from the string of those caught by others. It was done.

About the tenth fish was enough for the Queen, who started a quiet investigation of this marvelous luck, and, discovering the secret, sent a slave of her own to dive and fasten a salted herring to the hook. A great laugh went up when the board-stiff fish appeared, and the Queen said:

"Go, General, leave fishing to us petty Princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms and nations."

SPIDER SILK WOVEN BY CLEVER MACHINE

From time to time the ingenuity of scientists has been exercised with a view to devising a substitute for the silk worm's product, to find another insect that will produce something very similar at a lower cost.

It is an old idea that the spider might be employed in this way. The problem has ever been how to obtain a sufficient quantity of the spider thread and how to find it without breaking or tangling.

A Frenchman named Cachot harnessed a spider to a machine of his own invention. The machine contained tiny bobbins that revolved constantly. The thread was wound as the spider spun it, not

after it had been made. The end of the web, which was attached to the body of the spider, was caught and fastened firmly to a bobbin. Then the machine was gently put in motion. The spider, finding that his web reeled away, apparently of its own volition, naturally pulled in the opposite direction to get away. But, it is said, Cachot found to his great delight that the spider did not pull with sufficient force to break the thread, but actually seemed to enjoy the process, maintaining just enough tension to keep the web in continual motion. Many spiders were tried in this way, and at last a sufficient quantity of their product was obtained to be woven into a fabric. This, it is alleged, was superior to natural silk in tenuity, elasticity and tenacity.

But dresses of spider web are still beyond the reach of any save the very rich. A species of Madagascar spider is the only one that supplies the right sort of thread. Size for size, this spider's thread is tougher than bar iron.

The Frenchman who conducted these interesting experiments stated that another advantage of the spider as a producer of silk is that, having been emptied of its web, it can be fed and petted back to condition, when it will submit to another reeling without showing ill effects.

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Captured By Arab Slavers In Africa

By HORACE APPLETON

I had been with the Worumbu people about ten months when a number of us started off to the north to visit what was then a remnant of a once powerful tribe called the Umbasi. Epidemics and wars had broken their power and reduced their numbers until only about 500 were left. They lived in a valley on the main branch of the Lufiji River, and for several years had lived in peace and undisturbed. Their women wove sandals they made of rhinoceros hide. We took along some wire and cloth to trade with them, and our party numbered fourteen.

It was a journey of sixty miles, and we had covered forty miles of the distance when an event occurred to show the childish and superstitious nature of the African. As we rounded a thicket we came upon a rhinoceros lying on his back with his legs standing stiffly in the air. It was a laughable sight to me, and it was made all the more ridiculous by his subsequent antics.

He was not dead, but asleep, and as soon as he heard us he made the most frantic efforts to get up. It seemed that he had got down in a soft spot, and that his weight had gradually carried him down until he rested in a wedge-shaped space.

When he came to get up he found the effort too much for him, and his struggles and snorts convulsed me with laughter. After a quarter of an hour he got a leverage and rolled himself out of the hole, but he was so thoroughly frightened that he ran off at the top of his speed, falling head over heels over a stone as he went.

The band at once held a council, and the leader gravely asked:

"Did any one among you ever see the beast in such a position before?"

No one had.

"Did he not place himself in our path as a sign?"

It was more than likely.

"Very well, we will return and make a fresh start some other day. If we are obstinate and insist on going ahead, who shall say we may not all be killed?"

I sought to argue and ridicule them from taking such a step, and in this I was supported by two of the oldest men. After wrangling for an hour it was decided to turn back, but the three of us were at liberty to go on if we desired. We decided to go, and at once moved off, thinking the others might follow, but they did not, and at sundown we were among the Umbasi.

They gave us a cordial greeting, and we prolonged our visit for four days. We left the valley early in the morning, each of us well loaded, and we had traveled for about three hours, and were walking in single file in a path leading through tall grass, when each of us was tripped up at the same moment, and a great shout proved the presence of a large force of natives.

I at first thought them to be Worumbu men,

who had played a trick on us, but soon realized that we had fallen among enemies.

We were bound in a trice, arms behind our backs, and when jerked to our feet and forced along to the northwest I felt pretty sure that we had been made prisoners by native slave hunters.

It was soon discovered, of course, that I was white. The captors were at first filled with dismay, and would have turned me loose, supposing that I was the head of some other slave-hunting party, but I hesitated to take advantage of the offer.

I knew that I could not find my way a mile in the African forest alone, and the chances were that I would be killed with a few hours by serpents or wild beasts. While I hesitated the fellows made up their minds to take me along, and we traveled all day to the northwest, with only a couple of brief halts.

At dusk we arrived at a camp, and there I saw several Arabs and about 200 negro captives. There were only about twenty-five men among them, the remainder being women and half-grown boys and girls.

While my companions were turned into the inclosure with the other captives, I was conducted to the tent of the Arabs. They were regular slave dealers, and as repulsive and wicked-looking men as I ever saw. One of them could speak pretty fair English, and of course he asked me my nationality, and how I came to be among the Worumbu people.

I knew this was coming and was prepared for it. Had I replied that I was a British sailor it would have settled my case at once, and I should have probably been killed on the spot. I said I was an American sailor who had been wrecked on the coast and made a prisoner, and that I looked upon the present adventure as opening a way for me to reach some port on the coast. I would be glad to go along with them as a guard until they could put me in the way of reaching the sea.

My story made a hit. I was white and could be trusted. I was an American, and therefore had less abhorrence of the slave trade than other nationalities. They would secure my services for my keep, and when through with me would sell me into slavery with the others.

I knew they reasoned this way, but I had plans of my own.

I received plenty to eat, a loaded musket, and was detailed to help guard the enclosure in which the poor people were confined.

There was small chance of any one getting away, as all were bound hand and foot, and only two guards were needed. The other, who was an Abyssinian, and quite an old man, was on the opposite side of the camp, and I hoped to get down among the blacks and find my two friends, and tell them of my plans.

I found this was impossible, however, as they were directly under the eyes of the other guard, and could not move from the stakes to which they were fastened.

I presume I was watched that night, but if so the Arabs could find no cause for complaint. I was relieved an hour after the first sleep. I awoke next morning to find the slaves were being prepared for the start. I was very active in helping to prepare for the start.

There was considerable camp equipment to be carried, and twenty or thirty bales of goods for traffic.

The men and boys were selected as carriers, and the entire number were yoked together two by two. In some cases, after the yokes were on, the people were connected together by fours or sixes, but those who carried the burdens were exempt from this further precaution. It so happened that, without any assistance on my part, the two Worumbu men were yoked together.

When they saw me moving about among the Arabs, and apparently entering into the hellish work with great zest, they bestowed upon me many glances of reproach.

Just before the start, however, I gave them a sign to put them on their guard, and to warn them that I was playing a part.

The force guarding the captives, when the march finally began, consisted of three Arab traders, three or four Abyssinian hirelings, and six natives from Masaisland who were paid by the day or mile.

These last, though native Africans, were far more unfeeling, and cruel in their treatment of the prisoners than the Arabs, after misusing them to hear their cries of pain and anguish.

When strung out on the march we covered a distance of half a mile, even where the ground was open.

When obliged to follow a path the head of the column was at least a mile from the rear.

They gave me ten extra cartridges and a large knife as we were ready to go, and sent me to the head of the column with two Abyssinians.

We went forward three abreast where the ground was open, but in following a path were marched in Indian file, I being last.

Next to me came my Worumbu friends. The Arabs brought up the rear, and the Masai men were the flankers.

During the first day I had several opportunities to signal my Worumbu friends, and before night they knew that I was ready to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity.

I was told by one of the Arabs that we should keep to the north until well above Mombassa, and then turn to the coast to find Arab dhows waiting for us.

The only plan of escape I had was to release my friends at night, while I was on guard, but when night came they were so well secured and so many guards were stationed that I could not make a move.

We were off again at an early hour next day, following the same order as before, and at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon my opportunity came.

All of a sudden, as we tramped along, three or four buffaloes broke cover from the right and charged the two Abyssinians, the headmost of which was three paces ahead of me, and looking back over the people at the time.

It was a rush as if a puff of wind had swept over us, and came and went as quickly.

The forward man was probably knocked in the tall grass, as I could not see him, though his musket lay in the path.

The rear man lay full in the path, either stunned or killed, with a musket in his hand.

I don't believe it was ten seconds after I real-

ized what had happened before I was telling my Worumbu friends to pick up the guns; while I made a hurried search for cartridges and secured about fifteen.

It didn't take me above a minute, but, as the column had halted, there was an alarm from the rear, and we could hear the Masai men calling to the captives to step aside and let them pass on their way to the front.

Behind the two Worumbu men were two men of the Umbasi tribe, who had been captured several days before we were.

Then came the women and boys.

The five of us made a dash up the path as soon as I got the cartridges, and were around a bend in half a minute.

As we rounded it we found the path split in three, and we turned to the right and put our best foot foremost.

I let the four natives pass me that I might act as a rear guard.

It was well that I did so, for when he had gone about half a mile, one of the Masai men came running after us, and commanded a halt.

He was armed only with a spear, and though I stopped and made ready to fire on him he continued to approach, and I finally knocked him over with a bullet just as he was about to hurl his lance. Then I started off and overtook the natives, and we continued to run for three or four miles.

Then we halted, and I got the yokes off, and we now felt comparatively safe.

I did not want to go further until certain that the slave party would not pursue.

We had three muskets and four valuable packs, and I very much doubted if they would give up the chase so easily.

I therefore got the men into a thicket beside the path, which was now running over hard ground.

Beyond us we placed one of the packs on the path where it could readily be seen, and then I showed the two Worumbu men how to hold and fire the muskets.

The other two armed themselves with heavy sticks, and thus we waited for about two hours.

I had begun to fear that we had lost our time, when three Masai men were seen coming along the path at a dog trot.

The leader caught sight of the pack when yet a considerable way off, and he uttered a shout which increased the pace.

We were ready as they came opposite.

My man went down, killed in his tracks.

One of the others was wounded, while the third was not hit at all, but the four natives sprang out and soon finished the pair.

We got another musket, thirty cartridges, two spears, three knives, and a lot of trinkets, and leaving the bodies to the wild beasts we headed to the south and heard nothing farther from our pursuers.

On reaching our village the adventure created the most wonderful excitement and such was the awe and admiration won by the exploit that had I been a marplot I could easily have ousted the head man and become ruler in his stead.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

\$10 INVESTMENT NOW BRINGS IN \$50 A DAY.

James Poteet, of Simpson County, Kentucky, is a \$1-a-day farm hand, yet his income is \$51 a day.

But he keeps on working for \$1 a day, board and lodging. He deposits the royalty checks and lives on the \$1 he earns. -He is married and has two children.

Some years ago Poteet was working for H. L. Davis. Mr. Davis had a sixty-four-acre tract of poor land that he wanted to sell. Poteet gave him \$10 for it and kept on working for Mr. Davis.

Recently oil prospectors - invaded Simpson county and leased all the property they could, and Poteet's land was included. Drilling was begun in due time, and two wells soon were completed. A third well is expected. - The one-eighth royalty from the production of these wells nets Poteet the \$50 a day.

WOMEN AND MEN RULED IN BABYLONIAN CITY

The ruins of a Babylonian city dating back 2,000 years before the Christian era have been discovered at Koisa Nyek, Asia Minor. The city was named Burus; it seems to have been one of the earliest homes of feminism, if not, indeed, of woman's emancipation.

The ruins prove that the community which lived there was partly military and partly commercial.

Cuneiform inscriptions give many odd details of the organization of the city, which was governed by a Prince and a Prefect, assisted by a Princess and a woman Prefect, whose powers are said to have been precisely equal to those of their male colleagues.

Records of a regular postal delivery service have been found, the letters being written on baked tiles of a circular shape. References to an early form of the bank check system has been discovered, a bearer check being found which contains instructions to the addressee to pay to the person named in it a stated sum.

BLIND, BUT A GREAT ATHLETE

"Cushman of Watertown third!"

When this announcement was roared through a megaphone at the Y. M. C. A. track games in Boston there was an outburst of applause that rocked the building. No winner in any event received such an ovation. As the line sped over the telegraph wires to sporting editors of the East it occasioned no comment. They know Cushman of Watertown as a clean-cut athlete, dependable to the last degree and steadily improving.

What they didn't know is that Ralph Cushman is absolutely and hopelessly blind, born so, and beyond the faintest hope of ever seeing. Yet he can jump nine feet seven inches from a standing start, and reaches twenty-six feet five inches in a hop, step and jump.

He is track team captain, a good runner, and is always well up in the all-around competition. He covered fifty yards in six and a fifth seconds. Daily he walks to school unaided a half mile after leaving the car line. Coaches forecast that within the next few weeks he will be one of the great national athletes.

Yet he can run only between wires, for he has no sense of direction. He can jump only after his feet have been set at a mark!

LAUGHS

Mrs. Gadd—That new minister ain't much on visitin', is he? Mrs. Gabb—No. I guess maybe his wife is a purty good cook herself.

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title? Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.

Old Gentleman—Well, my lad, are you going fishing, or are you going to school? Little Lad—I dunno yet. I'm just a-wrastling with me conscience.

"Pop." "Yes, my son." "What is a popular uprising?" "Why, a popular uprising, my boy, is when every man in a street car gets up and offers his seat when one lone woman enters the car.

A kind old gentleman seeing a very small boy carrying a lot of magazines, was moved to pity. "Don't all those magazines make you tired, my boy?" "Nope," the mite cheerfully replied. "I can't read."

Mrs. Nest—Why, Belinda, the piano has six weeks' dust on it! Belinda—Well, mum, I ain't to blame. I've been here only three weeks.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the well-dressed young stranger; "that's Bessie's cup, and she's particular who drinks out of it." "Ah," said the young man, as he drank the cup dry. "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your sister, isn't she?" "Not much! Bessie is my dog!"

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

"PETRIFIED MAN" FOUND IN COAL MINE

The body of a man thought to have lived in a prehistoric age which has been unearched in a coal drift near Welch, Okla., a shallow coal field forty miles south of this city, was found at the end of a drift 200 feet from the surface and on its haunches, as if it had been fighting off an animal. It was found deeply imbedded in the coal and is petrified.

The body is complete except for hands and feet. The head is symmetrical and save for slight depressions where the eyes might have been bears no recognizable features of a human. The form is about six feet in height and indicates an unusually rugged physique. The thighs measure thirty-six inches in circumference. The portion of the leg from the knee to where the foot should be is of unusual length.

The strata in which the object was found gave up stones in which tracks have petrified. They measure more than three feet across and are believed to have been made by a prehistoric animal. The strange formation of rock was found in a swarm where several years ago remains of a prehistoric animal were found. The University of Kansas has been asked to send a man to examine the strata and the petrified man.

SIAMESE A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The Siamese are well formed, of medium height and olive complexion, somewhat darker than the Chinese. Their eyes are slightly oblique, their noses flat and prominent, and their faces wide across the cheek bones.

Most of the men wear small mustaches, but those that have latent beards pluck them out. They are Buddhists, and almost every man dons the yellow robe of the priest for a time. Through the monastic system of schools nearly all the men learn to read and write, but most of the women are illiterate.

There is no caste system, and the lowest born may attain the highest offices, if his capacity permits. There are no hereditary titles. The king has a Council of Ministers and also a Legislative Council of some forty members.

The Siamese believe that the arteries are filled with evil spirits, and that diseases are caused by deranged functioning of this air. After the birth of a child the mother has to lie thirty days roasting in front of a hot fire.

When a man gets sick he calls in a doctor and agrees with him on a fixed sum for a cure. If he dies, or fails to get well, the doctor gets nothing.

The dead are kept for from two days to nine days, depending on their rank in life, before they are cremated.

The Siamese language is a difficult tongue for a European to learn, as it has five tones. The alphabet has forty-four characters and twenty vowels.

BOTTOMLESS HOLE !

Scientists are unable to explain the phenomenon of a large tract of land dropping out of sight in Meade County, north of the Black Hills, leaving a hole which, so far as the residents of the locality have been able to discover, is bottomless.

The famous "bad lands" region along the White River, in Southern South Dakota, which is among the wonders of the world, presents no stranger phenomenon than this dropping of the earth's crust. The only counterpart was the dropping about a year ago of the surface of a small tract of land in the eastern section of the Rosebud country, but in that instance the land dropped only thirty or forty feet, the tops of trees on the dropped section reaching above the surface. The drop was without warning. This was in the vicinity of what is known as the "burning bluff," which is supposed to have beneath it large masses of lignite coal which are thought to have caught fire many years ago. For about twenty-five years small volumes of smoke have been coming from the burning bluff.

First information of the dropping of between fifteen and twenty acres of land in Meade County was conveyed in a letter received in Eastern South Dakota from Mrs. Schomer, who, with her husband, resides on a ranch in the vicinity of the phenomenon. Additional particulars have been received from "Billy" Windsor, a rancher of the vicinity.

Windsor says that the tract, which is situated on Tepee Creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne River, has absolutely disappeared. The nearest town to the hole is the village of Tivis, which is not a post-office, situated in the western portion of Meade County, not many miles from the Wyoming boundary line. Windsor says the hole has been fenced in to keep cattle and sheep and also travelers from falling in. He says he has passed the place a number of times since the land dropped, and that small hills which formerly dotted the prairie at the spot have entirely disappeared.

For several weeks before the ground dropped, he says, there were deep rumblings which sounded like distant thunder. This occurred rather regularly several times a day. There were no earthquakes so far as has been reported, and the rumblings ceased after the tract had dropped to an unknown depth.

"I never tried it myself," said Windsor, "but neighbors have told me they have rolled huge boulders into the hole and they have never been able to hear them strike bottom."

The reports of the sounds resembling thunder were confirmed by letters from Mrs. Schomer to her father in Central South Dakota. These sounds had been heard for several weeks. Then she reported that the rumbling ceased and that a large hole had appeared in the vicinity of her home. Some reports are that the rumblings were heard as far as twenty miles away. The nearest resident is seven miles from the place.

Geologists are continuing their investigations.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

WATER AND HEAT IN ONE WELL

Water, heat and light from a single well less than 250 feet deep has made John Schaeffer, an Allegany County farmer, envied by his neighbors. When Schaeffer hired drillers to sink the well he was after water. The workmen tapped a considerable pocket of gas and a gas pipe was run down beside the water pipe. The gas has continued to flow steadily even in periods of low temperature.

RABBIT FOOT PROVES UNLUCKY

Plenty of grown folks, as well as boys and girls believe that the possession of a rabbit's foot will bring them luck. Joseph Barrows, of Loraine County, Ohio, had this feeling until the other day. He killed a rabbit and pocketed one of the feet, and within two days his dog died, he lost his knife, he fell into the river, and then ended up with a tumble in the barn and broke a leg and three ribs. Perhaps, however, he didn't get the right sort of rabbit, or he didn't kill the animal in the right stage of the moon. He'll have time to think it over while getting well.

SIBERIAN GRAY SQUIRRELS HAVE BECOME PESTS IN ALASKA

Siberian gray squirrels introduced into Northern Alaska have spread into adjacent districts and are proving such a pest that settlers, miners and trappers are asking aid from the Department of Agriculture in exterminating them. They have driven out the native squirrels. The Siberian squirrel eats birds' eggs and steals the bait from traps laid for fur bearing animals. Hunters report that the marten is the only animal that preys upon the Asiatic imported pest and the Northern Alaskans now want the marten protected. A marten will destroy five gray squirrels each day. The Siberian squirrel's fur is of little value.

MORE ABOUT THE KANGAROO

We are so accustomed to see kangaroos in zoological gardens that we are apt to overlook the fact that they are to be numbered among the most remarkable animals in the world. They belong to a group of animals known as marsupials, so called because the females possess a pouch or "marsupium" for the reception of their young.

When first born, a baby kangaroo only measures an inch or two in length. The mother picks up her tiny infant with her front paws and places it in her snug and warm pouch, where it remains for several months, until it is grown up and is able to look after itself. Kangaroos are very fond of their young ones, and when hunted they do their best to save them from their enemies.

But if they find that they are being overtaken and it is impossible to escape from their foes, they turn their babies out of their pouches and scatter off faster than ever. Although this action may appear to be somewhat unkind, yet, in reality, it is done for the best of reasons, for if the mother manages to get away from her pur-

suers, owing to her being no longer burdened with the weight of her infant, she afterward returns to look for her offspring, and once again puts it in her pouch.

TRAPPERS DEPEND UPON MUSKRATS

The muskrat is the Northwest trapper's greatest bread winner. The sale of their skins brings more money to him than any other fur animal, with the skunk a close second. This year, 1922, there will be dressed and dyed as Hudson seal, in America, 5,000,000 rats. Although found from the Yukon to the Gulf States and from east to west, for sealing purposes those of the Columbia River are the largest and best. This is owing to an abundance of feed all the year.

Second to the muskrat in value to the Northwest trapper is the skunk, an odoriferous little pest. Beaver, mink and raccoon may become extinct, but the skunk never. He thrives with cultivation. You need not hurry to buy skunk fur, for many farms are operated and they are easily reared. The fur is durable and handsome.

The marten is native to all the forests of the Northwest, but in Alaska he is called "Hudson Bay sable." The skin is in great demand and a closed season in Alaska is aiding it to become re-established. A marten pelt brings the trapper from \$20 to \$40 in the woods.

The best mink in the world are now taken in the interior of Alaska on the Porcupine River. It is one of the most durable and satisfactory of furs. Mink are easy to trap and are increasing, feeding largely on the salmon fry the Government annually plants. More fry, more mink.

A large specimen of the marten family, the fisher, possesses a handsome black coat and long glossy tail. Fishers are worth \$50 up now, and are eagerly sought. The fur of the wolverine is the only kind in existence that will repel the formation of frost, and is thus largely used in cold countries to protect the neck and face. Wolverine are plentiful around the Arctic Circle.

A spirited quest at present is for the ermine, native of all the Northwest States, although the choicest skins come from the Northern snowy lands. The otter and beaver are the largest of fur bearers and both have been pressed for existence the last few years. The otter yields a pelt often five feet long, worth \$40.

The beaver is to be trapped this winter in Alaska. They are reported numerous. It is the most conspicuous inhabitant of the woods, its watery home betraying its presence to the trapper. Strict laws are necessary to prevent its extermination. Beaver fur is the most handsome and durable of all pelts. A skin is worth \$30 down according to size.

Hundreds of trappers are now laying their lines of traps, snares and deadfalls in the wide expanse of virgin forests in the Northwest. The catch this winter will be a big one because of so much unemployment in the trades.

Eastern buyers are in the West eagerly awaiting the first bales.

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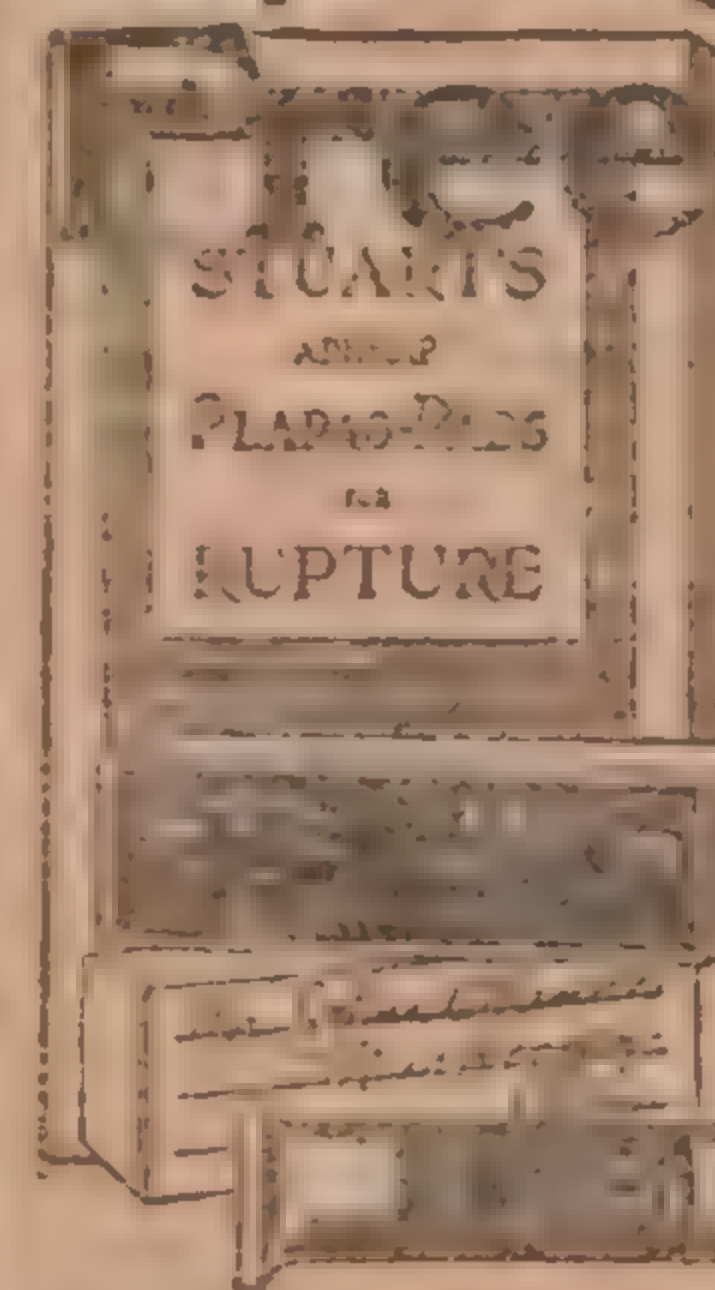
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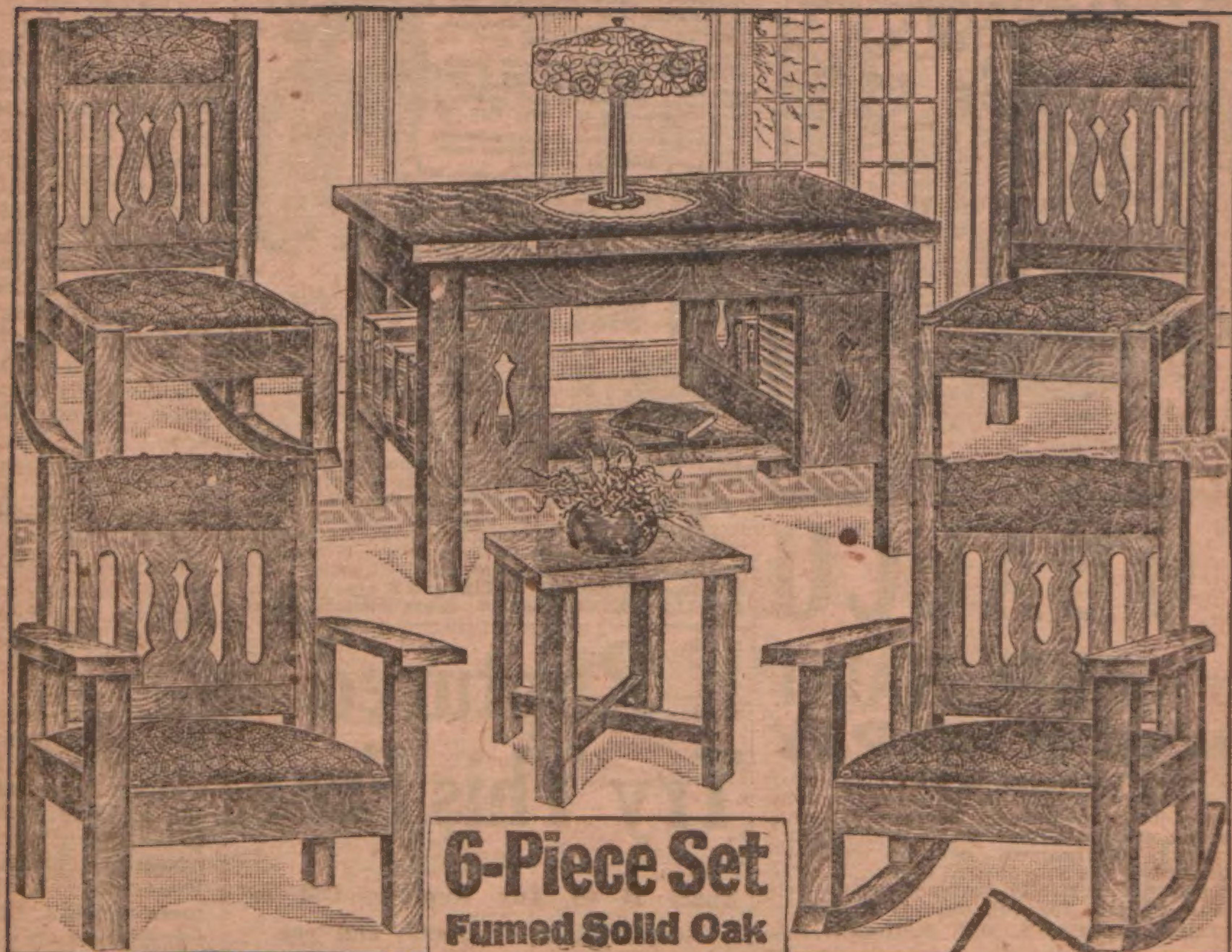
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